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THE FUTURE AMERICAN DRAMA.

BY DION BOUCICAULT.

THERE is not, and there never has been, a literary institution, which could be called the American Drama. We have produced no dramatists essentially American to rival such workers as Fenimore Cooper, Bret Harte, Hawthorne, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and others of world-wide reputation in the realms of narrative fiction. So long as our stage could be supplied from the English or French theatres, there appeared no necessity for home-made material. The public cares little from whence it derives its amusement, and the managers of theatres saw no reason why they should pay the American author for a new piece, the success of which was always uncertain, when they could take the cream of the London and Paris theatres, after the success and fame of such works had been publicly assured, and for the use of which they paid nothing. This condition of affairs had already operated on the English theatre; its production had been paralyzed, since 1840, by the influx of French plays. The sources of Gallic invention and contrivance have recently dried up; so the British author appears again, timidly, in plays of modest pretensions. The poor material recently imported from Europe to supply the American market, has encouraged New York managers and authors to adventure; some, like the late Mr. Lester Wallack, adhered to the belief that anything coming from London must be acceptable here, and they fell victims to their fidelity to the past. What is good enough for London is no longer good enough for New York. Theodora, Tosca, Roger La Honte, the Gondoliers, left no favorable impression on the American public;

Captain Swift and Aunt Jack were tolerated; London and Paris are no longer names to conjure with now and here in 1890, as they were in 1870. But, on the other hand and meanwhile, we find the "Old Homestead," "The Wife," "Held by the Enemy," the "Charity Ball," "Shenandoah," "The Henrietta," the "County Fair," the "Senator," "Pau. Kauvar," and other native American productions have eclipsed their European rivals. Thus within the last two or three years our home-made plays have asserted their value: partly because our playwrights have improved and advanced in their craft, but mainly because the French and English dramatic authors are played out, and so we are thrown upon our own resources. May this attitude so suddenly assumed be regarded as the small beginning of a declaration of dramatic independence on the part of our people? Is it the baby drama of the future? If so, do these works, or any of them, present new features or new form giving promise of a new issue?

Let us look briefly into the past. The Greek Drama was, so far as we know, an entirely original growth. We can trace its infancy under Thespis to its maturity under Sophocles and Menander. The Romans had no native drama, the Latin plays were modelled on the Greek, when they were not merely translations from that language. Skip we fifteen centuries of nothingness to discover the English Drama of the Elizabethan period. We can trace its infancy in the miracle plays, and its native growth to maturity under Shakespere and his fellows. This romantic and Gothic creation has nothing of the classic Greek form or design. It was the outcome of the new Teutonic world, weird, wild, and irregular as Gothic architecture. The French have had like the Romans no native drama; theirs was modelled on the ancient classic, of which it was a poor bastard. Racine, Corneille, and Molière were subjects of the ancient dramatic dynasty. While Greek declamatory drama was adopted in France, the drama of action was invented by the English playwrights.

Here let us correct a false impression that is thoughtlessly entertained, that the English stage has been mainly dependent on the French, that our dramatists had little invention or originality. This state of things has indeed existed but within the last few years only; in fact, within the present

century. As we recently have borrowed from the French dramatists, so they during a past century borrowed from the Italian and the Spanish. Thence the early drama of France was imported. Not so with us. The early drama of England was of native growth; we can trace its infancy. It was the legitimate offspring of the people. Take the list of English dramatic poets from Marlowe to Dryden and compare them with a similar list from Corneille to Voltaire, covering an equal period, and it will be clear that the English record shows an overwhelming superiority, both in originality of form and grandeur of treatment. Originality in drama does not mean the invention of new subjects, new intrigue or incidents: so little have these to do with dramatic merit that Horace advises the young dramatist to avoid new subjects and prefer such as may be familiar to the spectators, treating these in a new manner. For the important object of the dramatist is the exhibition of human character "to which fundamental law" says Macaulay, "every other regulation is subordinate." This is a very different matter from the ingenuity displayed by some French dramatists in the contrivance of a novel sequence of incidents, calculated to pique the curiosity and sharpen the interest of spectators in the issue of the circumstances, while the characters retire behind the action, in which they are simply agents. Dramas so composed are of ephemeral existence, and such have been, for the most part, the contributions of the French stage during the last century to dramatic literature. Has it exhibited one dramatic production that has survived in popular esteem, and has been cherished as have been "*She Stoops to Conquer*," "*The Rivals*," and "*The School for Scandal*"? Let us be just to ourselves.

But the French stage has recently taken a new departure; it has received a new vocation. The drama is no longer an imitation of human passions and weaknesses; it is a philosophical school of sociology, for the illustration and argument of ethical problems! The incidents in this new form should be of natural, ordinary occurrence, without contrivance, the skill of the dramatist being that he should show none. The language may not transcend the commonplace colloquy of every-day intercourse.

It is true, the dramatists of the new school do not profess to compose tragedies or comedies. They write what we denomi-

nate domestic dramas, which are to dramatic literature what photographs are to the Fine Arts. No one disputes the correctness to be found in a photograph; it is a minute copy of Nature, but there are qualities in a painting which no mechanical result can supply. I deny that the drama is, or ever was intended to be, a copy of Nature, as the new apostles of naturalism have preached that it should be.

Is not Nature rather over-admired? Is not Art somewhat under-estimated? Man in a state of Nature is one of the weakest and meanest of animals. All that is good and noble in him, all that has raised and refined his race, has been the work of Art. Nature made him helpless, he made himself helpful. Nature that made him omnivorous, made him cruel. Other animals, when prompted by hunger, kill; it is the nature of man to kill for the love of killing — and his passion for bloodshed no process of civilization can altogether tame. Man is the only animal in which Nature has implanted the love of witnessing torture. All that is gentle, self-sacrificing, and noble in him is the work of Art; even from the art of speech, which is no gift, but the first invention of the biped, to the erection of the last hospital and orphanage, made and endowed by human tenderness and charity. For Nature I have little use, admiration, or respect. I reserve my homage and worship for the Spirit that, from the lowest of brutes, has evolved the civilized man.

But it is not our business, at present, to discuss the question of naturalism in literature, it concerns our subject only to discern how far it is likely to affect the drama, and especially the future drama of America. However, what is called naturalism as we find it exemplified in the works of Zola, his imitators, and followers, may thrive on public censure, when presented in a narrative form; it is otherwise when it challenges public opinion in a theatre. Could there be found an American audience content to tolerate the representation of scenes and the utterance of language so filthy? The drama has been stigmatized as the most profligate form of literature, the stage has been proscribed for indecency and libertinage. I ask, in all sobriety, if we could obtain a theatre full of spectators, all of whom had read Zola in private, would that crowd endure to have the scenes there depicted, presented before them; would they tolerate the language? Would they not drive the scenes from the stage?

If, then, "naturalism," as it is interpreted by these gentlemen, necessarily includes the exhibition of those operations and functions of nature which decency forbids, such naturalism on the stage is repugnant to the civilized sentiment of mankind. We know that autopsy is an incident of daily and necessary occurrence. The act of administering poison is an incident very common in the drama, the natural sequence of incidents, the interest of the spectators inclines to trace out the criminal, and autopsy is essential to that discovery. It is clear that we cannot put such a scene into representation. It follows that a line must be drawn somewhere. The subsisting dramatic canons drew it at terror, excluding horror. For horror is terror mixed with disgust, and things disgusting are not fit for dramatic exposure.

Many deep thinkers of the day entertain this new school of art. M. Zola in narrative fiction, and M. Ibsen in dramatic shape, occupy a position which calls for serious regard. M. Ibsen has not yet obtained acknowledgment by either the French or English public, and it is with Zola as a dramatist and not a novelist we have present concern. M. Zola as a dramatist disposes of himself; he has failed. But we must admit a certain measure of success obtained by the Norwegian dramatist in his own Scandinavian region. I do not take into consideration, nor do I weigh the opinions of the dilettanti, who, for the most part, are, and always have been cranky and unreliable critics. I believe in the public *en masse*; I believe there is in the mass of minds, when unified on the consideration of any matter, and provided they are free from prejudice on such matter, a mental power, and a justice of opinion that no individual in that crowd could exercise. We are told to despise "the groundlings," but to respect public opinion; no epithets are too contemptuous to revile the "brainless crowd," the "greasy artisan," the mob, — while we are assured at the same time that the voice of the people is the voice of God.

Let one who has daily met the hundred millions that speak our language from London across America to the far Australia, say in all humbleness, a few words about the English-speaking public, as it may be studied in a theatre. Ah! studied more deeply and truly there than elsewhere; for, to a political meeting, or to a church, or to any assembly whatever of minds, gathered for a purpose, the people come with determined opinions,

with minds made up. They are in uniform. But when gathered into a theatre, they are free from every prejudice, they present an assembly of human beings, with open hearts, and ready sympathies unembarrassed and unbound. It is there, and there only they reveal what Terence wrote of mankind: "I am a man, and deem nothing that relates to man foreign to my feelings!" When this line was first uttered in the Roman theatre two thousand years ago, the audience rose *en masse* and saluted its grand humanity. And thus English-speaking audiences, every time the dramatist touches their hearts, rise to salute human nature. Public opinion is the highest and sole court of jurisdiction in literary and artistic matters. I fail to remember a single instance where merit has been signally overlooked by one generation, to be discovered by the next. Temporary popularity is admissible by the side of the homage paid to genius. But the public makes no mistake between Offenbach and Wagner. Notoriety is the base coinage of Fame; we carry more of it, but it does not go so far. I have witnessed the exercise of the judgment of a select jury of critics, artists, and literary men on the dress rehearsal of a dramatic work: — they were unanimous in its praise, enthusiastic in their applause. The following night the piece was produced in the presence of the public, and was damned. And the public reversal of the opinion of the dilettanti was approved and accepted, even by those who had entertained a different opinion a few hours previously. How many plays like "The Honeymoon" have lain unrecognized by managers, when accident caused their production, and the public instantly recognized their merit! The history of the stage is so full of sudden surprises, that the unexpected is with us the rule of success. And what is success? It is simply the consensus of those wretched creatures whose opinions we are bound to despise; it is the fiat of the people. I am not to be misguided by Shakespeare's contempt for them. Firstly, because there was no public in his time, — of course, I mean an educated mass. And secondly, Shakespeare entertained a weak prejudice in favor of rank and birth; he was anti-republican every time.

If we press these circumstances on the attention of the reader, it is because the Future Drama of America is with our people, and with their voice, the Press. With the people

mainly because the publication of a play is made in their presence, and their opinions are formed and expressed before they can be influenced by press notices,—the newspapers can only repeat and circulate these opinions, or attempt to modify them by critical protest, but the public verdict is supreme and final. The jury is composed here, as it was composed in Greece, of the people, and the drama is, therefore, made by the collaboration of the people and the poet. And this is as it should be. It behooves us to consider what are the tendencies of the people, for the coming American dramatist will inevitably receive the germinating principle from the intellectual atmosphere he breathes, and not from any impregnation by an effete European source, which is confessedly done with. Is there anything in this new school of naturalism which can affect our future drama? We have discarded the artificialities of the old melodrama, and the epigram in modern comedy is out of fashion. Tragedy for the moment is retired from the stage, and it is very doubtful if in the next generation, say in the year 1920, a single artistic descendant of Booth and Forrest will be in existence. The transcendental drama will probably be regarded with as much curiosity as the unfolding of a mummy,—for such would be now the performance of "Comus," or of the "Mourning Bride." But as Nature never proceeds by leaps, let us endeavor to discern the direction and inclination of the people, and forecast, as well as the present may indicate, the form of the future.

The American community differs essentially from every other of which we have any record. A ready made, polyglot population has inflowed into this land. As Minerva was said to have sprung, armed at all points, from the head of Jupiter, so the United States may be said to have issued from the skull of Europe. Jupiter complained of a bad headache; it was relieved by Vulcan, who cleft his skull and the Goddess of Wisdom issued. Europe was similarly affected when Revolution broke her head and Liberty stepped out, looking very like Minerva. This new people has not had time to fuse thoroughly the races of which it is composed, and as the arts are the product of a mature and virile condition of the brain, they can find no residence here where there is no central organ, which can be recognized as the brain of the nation. In other words, we have no metropolis, no mother city. New York, in population and in wealth,

claims to be the third in rank amongst the cities of the world, coming next after London and Paris ; but population and wealth do not constitute a metropolis. A metropolis is the mother city of a nation, from whose breast flow the arts and sciences ; and in this respect New York comes far behind the puny capitals of European States, which are more important to the human race than we are. They represent something, we represent nothing—except size. The arts in the United States are foreigners that have never become naturalized. Those lovers who have moved around and breathed the air in Rome, Florence, Munich, and other great art centres, will recognize the æsthetic atmosphere in which they have lived. Life there seems to be a search for the beautiful in form and in spirit. Here, it is a sordid devotion to the material comforts of the body and a vulgar display of wealth. With all our power and commercial prosperity, how will this successful community appear when regarded from the standpoint of the future centuries ? Will not New York present the figure of a well-fed, vulgar, selfish, respectable parvenu ? The spectacle of Barnum importing Jenny Lind, affords an everlasting type of how the fine arts are considered here ; that great artist came between Tom Thumb and Jumbo. Adelina Patti was a New York girl, I remember her in pantalettes ; and so she would have remained as an artist, had she not left this, the third city of the world, to seek recognition in Europe.

There are two cogent reasons why the arts cannot hope for, much less expect, that national support which is extended to them on the continent of Europe. The first is that the shop-keeping English race from which we derive our being, have never regarded the æsthetic side of life as a serious matter, concerning the people in government. The second is the jealousy naturally existing between the States in Congress, when the question arises for the expenditure of any large amount of money to support an establishment to be located in one city. But if New York could afford to expend ten or fifteen millions upon a world's fair—a temporary show of questionable advantage,—why may we not spend a fifth of that amount in the erection of a university of the arts,—a building sheltering music, painting, sculpture, and schools of oratory and the drama ? If the Central Park can assign a lot to a zoölogical garden, for the exhibition of beasts, surely

it would give a space for such a Conservatory. It might be made self-supporting, so its first cost might be its only cost. Looked at from a "business" point of view, it would attract from the various States students, male and female, who with their families would furnish an artistic quarter in the city.

To afford some idea of the artistic feeling that pervades our people, it may not be an intrusion to mention a crude fact. Eighteen months ago a school for acting was opened at the Madison Square Theatre in New York. Applicants were requested to submit to an examination before they obtained a card of admission. At the end of a month's instruction, if it was found that the student failed to exhibit the intelligence or the qualities likely to come to good uses, he or she was so informed and requested to withdraw. The primary object of this Academy was to "disillusionize" the stage-struck heroine or hero, and send them home cured of the histrionic distemper. We had over two thousand applicants; we passed about one hundred and ninety. Of these, seventy-two have been selected by managers and carried off into the profession, before they had graduated in the school. It is proposed to group all the arts in one University. It might be fairly anticipated that opulent citizens would support the colleges by founding scholarships and prizes, for the encouragement of those arts to which they are devoted. Among the many advantages extended by such a university is this pre-eminent one: women are the equals of men in every school. It enfranchises the weaker sex, and tends to equalize the conditions in the "Struggle for Life."

The condition of the dramatic field in the United States is fully described by Shakespere in Hamlet's lines: "It is an unweeded garden that grows to seed—things rank and foul in Nature possess it merely." Such as the soil is, in intelligence and fine aspirations,—for the American people yield to none in these respects,—it is used to grow the most worthless and gaudy weeds. The prominent features of the theatre are burlesque operetta, and the kind of farce we used to call extravaganza. The money changers have displaced the priests in the temple. The burlesque operetta is a hybrid, produced by a mixture of the old English burlesque, the French opera bouffe, and negro minstrelsy. The prominent comedian is the "end man" who has washed his face,—the

leading soprano is the showleg prince of the fairy burlesque of our youth, and the whole is tossed in the French omelette pan, seasoned with waltz music. This piece of nonsense is offered for the serious appreciation of our public as the important subject and feature of our drama!

In the United States there are but four theatres devoted legitimately to the cultivation of the drama; of which three are in New York and one in Boston. And these theatres are the smallest in the cities; so little accommodation is required for the audience likely to patronize the better kind of play. Elsewhere and throughout this great country the Drama is a tramp. The theatres regard her as a transient guest, here to-day, gone to-morrow, or a bag man who brings on show samples of goods. Thus it is in New York, where its principal theatres let lodgings by the week to stars, and managers are merely janitors.

Let the condition of Paris or London be compared with that of New York. There is not in either European capital a single star theatre, that is, a theatre where the season is devoted to a weekly change of entertainment; this practice is reserved for the provinces. Each theatre has its special character and a company of comedians associated with it. But the American cities are provincial, and even in the few small theatres that entertain fixed companies, one depends on the German stage, another relies on English plays in preference to risking the production of American works, which have pushed themselves into notice in the theatres of less pretension, at the risk perhaps of the authors, or of some actor desirous of obtaining a "pedestal" play. He uses New York as a fence on which to post his bills and reap the profits of this advertisement in the provincial towns.

When I visited the United States for the first time in 1853, the drama was in a more promising state. Three theatres, Wallack's, Burton's, Niblo's were representative, and admirably equipped for the performance of comedy and ballet pantomime. In the following year when visiting Philadelphia, I found in one stock company John Gilbert, Lizzie Weston Davenport, Joseph Jefferson, John S. Clarke, A. Davenport, and others of equal calibre, whose names I cannot recall. At that time there was a body of much better actors in the United States than I had left in England, but

the drama was imported; no attempt was made at independence in this respect.

The public has changed in this generation, and are eager now to recognize and support a native American drama. The managers fail to recognize this revolution, but they must come to it.

Tragedy and high comedy will always be held in respect on the future American stage, but it seems probable that the drama of modern life, the reflex of the period, will prevail over every other kind of entertainment. This drama will present a character or a group of characters, not a complicated or sensational action, affording a physiological study by way of illustration, not by way of description. The ingenious comedy of intrigue and the drama of incident, the artifice of which resembles a mechanical contrivance, rather than the simple outcome and result of incidents flowing naturally to their catastrophe, has surfeited the audience with dramas and comedies that are really more like tricks on the cards, than exhibiting the game of life. Of this *legerdemain*, the French stage of the present century affords numerous examples. We are done with it.

Let it be remembered that the faculty of detecting a subject, suitable for dramatic presentation, is, to a certain extent, a gift; but the successful dramatist relies mainly on art and acquired skill in the treatment of the subject, which is more than half the battle. The dramatist, unlike the poet, is not born a dramatist; he is made by experience. Wherefore we find most of them have been actors, like Shakespere and Molière. There is a technique in this department of literature, which does not exist in any other.

The drama of the future will be prosaic and positive. Its grandeur will be in its truth — truth in its purity, its delicacy, and tenderness. Pathos will assume the place of passion. The plot, a subject simple and perspicuous, will be designed with one object, not to surprise the spectator with startling incident. The incidents will be merely contrivances to exhibit the characters.

The American mind is rather philosophic and scientific than poetic. It is positive and inquisitive. Its scope is the reach of our senses, and its imagination is bounded by its information. It is sensitive of the ridiculous, so it watches flights of fancy with a smile, and applauds the rocket, but

reckons it all up without any emotion, inclining to regard poetic effusion as a kind of fireworks, and rhetoric as fustian.

The dramatic resources of France, England, and Germany, appear to be exhausted. The dramatic power has always exhibited itself in the early periods of a nation's growth; when the race is young and mentally vigorous, the dramatists appeared and flourished. America has not got out of her teens; she is still growing. But that she will take the lead in the nations in intelligence is as certain as that she will surpass them in stature.

There are two features which will probably appear in the near future of our drama. One of these is a theatre where the engrossing subject of the hour will be exhibited, and performed as dramas of the period, illustrating great current events as closely as the pictorial newspapers present such to their readers,—be it the adventures of the discoverers in Equatorial Africa, a Brazilian revolution, or Siberian revolt. In this manner was written the "Relief of Lucknow," produced in 1858. During the siege of Lucknow, while that city was still invested by the Sepoy mutineers, this piece was played in New York. This was called the "contemporaneous" drama. The other kind to which I refer, will incline to deal with the popular problems of the hour, whether social or scientific. Such as hypnotism; the inheritance of criminal proclivities, which Zola, Ibsen, and their followers maintain to be constitutional and irrepressible; the great struggle between labor and capital; representations of the millennium, described by such dreamers as Mr. Bellamy. *The American, who is nothing if not utilitarian, would enjoy a theatre put to such uses, properly,—that is, by the true dramatic process.* Independently of this matter, which will be the *object*, not necessarily the *subject*, of the play, an amusing or interesting action must prevail over every other consideration. And above all the interest must be domestic; for there is as much romance, as much poetry, and frequently more real tragedy in our home life than in all the works of imagination.

[Facsimile of paragraph written by Dion Boucheault a few days before his death.]

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legislative offspring of the people. Taking the list of
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SEX IN MIND.

BY REV. CYRUS A. BARTOL, D. D.

GEORGE ELIOT wrote that "No woman forgives coldness, even when it is the mask of love," and a critic said only a woman could write that line. Was he a detective of authorship? "A Woman's Reason" is a literary title and a current phrase. Reason is not masculine. It is more than reasoning. Immanuel Kant could not maintain his theory without the moral sense to back or shore it up. So Emerson indorsed his philosophy with the feelings. He refused to submit ideas to any logical bar, and from Bacon's "dry light" and his own cool head he appealed to "the sentiment," to womanly intuition, as a superior court. The truth is that our abilities for every intelligent perception act together like our vital organs which can by no analysis or dissection before death be quite set apart. We resolve matter into scores of elements which may be of one substance but divers forms. By all our constitutional aptitudes and forces we are equipped and endowed for our work of investigation as well as for productive labor of the hand.

Let us note the part played by our feelings in our arguments and the heart's contribution to the brain. Emerson said that Tennyson would have been a poet wondrously great had he been either purely masculine or purely feminine in his verse. But by this congenital mixture of traits from both sexes in his soul, Tennyson becomes the individual writer he is, secures his especial influence, charms alike man and woman, and holds the world in his magic spell. Emerson noted, too, a lack of virility in Hawthorne's style which is winsome through this apparent want. Dr. Hedge characterized Dr. Channing's as a feminine mind, but for his, as for other men's genius, Dr. Hedge found in this trait a particular worth. In a critic who was so manly with his pen, what a generous discrimination was thus shown! Only an inadequate delineation could imply in Channing, the great liberal champion, aught neutral, and none more or sooner

than Dr. Hedge felt the force of the resounding trumpet he blew. One blast on his bugle was "worth a thousand men." But the instrument can be modulated only by lips like his, no less gentle than firm. There is no breath potent to call or pleasant to play with, in an obstinate will. How right feeling serves and quickens clear thinking every case of humane and social efficiency will prove. Male and female are a single creative image and one is impotent without the other term. "There is much of the woman in me," said Dr. Bellows, the chief organizer of the liberal band. By the womanly element his executive energy was inspired, and not checked. But this quality is often least effusive when most strong, so that men whom it radically possesses and moves are commonly accounted cold. Webster would pass as being of a conspicuously masculine mind, even a logic-machine, so cogent was he in the senate or at the bar. But the Rocky Mountain he appeared to be, had a base of flame. An engine that waits, to a careless observer may seem cold when it is ready to transform into motion its gathering and unsuspected heat. So the quietness of the so-called God-like man who brought, as Emerson wrote, "his great forehead to the chair of state," was but compressed and concentrated strength. After Frederick Douglass had denounced him as cruel, a lady said to him, "I know Mr. Webster well. You have made a mistake. He has a tender heart." Mr. Douglass so little resented the correction, or doubted the witness that he told me the conversation, with hearty admission that his charge might have been without ground. But no such denial of aught ill in Webster's temper can explain the wonder of his speech which has no equal in eloquence on the same themes, because not only of the lucid argument, but the unrivalled fervor that went with simplicity and grandeur in his words, which Edward Everett said were always of fire. He had a conception kindled by love of native land through his youth and manhood and rising into an unmatched expression in his Plymouth discourse also, of the philanthropy from which fear and a shudder at the Red Sea of Civil War, foreseen for the nation to cross, made him falter in his old age. But his earlier service can in no generous or just estimate be left out. How like the wind his oration swept, how like the ocean it rolled, and with what eagle flight it flew, all who heard him may still bear in mind. Many examples might hint how

bereft we should be of truth, if confined to propositions which we can mathematically or dialectically prove. So to limit ourselves, were suicide alike of sensibility and sense. Lincoln, who in short passages was as grand as Webster in long ones, drew from a sympathetic bosom his best strains. Mrs. Frances Kemble had a masculine mind. Portia in the Merchant of Venice, with male attire, was her favorite character. But from what a store of womanly passion her recitations rolled out!

The spheres of thought and feeling are concentric and cannot be quite distinguished, however practically reconciled. They are not like independent departments of state, or water-tight compartments of a ship. Our abilities run all together and heighten each other. More of one does not imply less of others. Their several provinces like the cerebral lobes, or sutures in the skull, cannot be precisely marked out. The outside of Nature alone is delineated by the rows of facts which the scientist calls laws. Only fellowship can acquaint us with the persons that make the live world. Only in action can the purposes and motives of conduct be revealed. He, who is an agnostic in regard to God and heaven would be ashamed not to know his duty to his invaded country, or in his vocation of peaceful work, although how he knows, it would puzzle him to tell, the impulse or inspiration is so direct. "In morals," said Dr. Wayland, "there are few links." The Ten Commandments, that in their consequences the world could not contain, do not in the Bible fill the space of a page. We are so much wiser in our conscience than in our understanding that, on the path of enterprise in the field of behavior, philosophy is baffled as but a partial expounder, halts behind, and fails to be a pioneer.

No point of spiritual conviction, a divine being, a moral law, or an immortal life can the pure intellect establish by itself alone. As on the dramatic stage there occur passages, which the prompter hidden underneath must supply, thus only larger and more frequent occur these gaps in science for the heart to fill. This fact is not contradicted by intelligence or set aside by ignorance, but by progress of knowledge illustrated and confirmed, because in mental activity there is affirmation beyond denial and doubt. So all examples of wisdom prove. The radical head and conservative heart must pull together, as oxen yoked draw their load while with slanting feet they strain apart. This necessity in

our nature should not be accounted dishonesty or inconsistency unless we mean with such charges to convict all mankind. Not only metaphysicians, like Kant and Sir William Hamilton, admit the intrinsic oppositions running deeper than any controversies of creed into the very frame of matter and mind. Scientists and scholars encounter and declare the same contradictions by no accepted philosophy as yet reconciled. Sir Humphey Davy could not identify his religious exercises with his chemical investigations, or adore while he analyzed, or keep his oratory and laboratory under one roof. The truth of the Latin proverb which says, "To labor is to pray," depends on the sort of labor and the laborer's intent, which may be worldly, selfish, and wrong. Emerson bids us, when the ecstasy of devotion comes, to leave our denial of the divine personality, as Joseph did his coat in the harlot's hands, and flee. Dr. Hedge, like some ancient sages, has an esoteric view, all attempts to embody which in the worship of the multitude are in vain; as Socrates, that he might as far as he could commune with his Athenian countrymen, observed religious forms, about which his spirit soared. Any accusation of insincerity brought against such a man as a dualist would hold against everybody who is reflective enough to find in the universe a problem, and would be an injustice to the thinker whom I name as the most candid of men. "Sparks," said Wayland, "is so candid, I should hate to have with him any dispute." No less ingenuous was that traditional transcendentalist, Dr. Hedge. Intellectual honesty does not consist in a forced unity, or in passing over intrinsic difficulties, as the knots in a plank are made to look even by use of a smoothing-plane, but in owning all discords we cannot reduce. So Dr. Hedge admitted his inability to adjust with the divine goodness, in which he believed, all the facts in Nature he saw. He would not hold God responsible for many of the things which exist. He was an optimist, excepting what for the present he could not square with the notion that all is for the best in the best possible of worlds.

Dr. Bushnell affirmed he hung the questions he could not answer on pegs, and there are inquiries for everybody to suspend or postpone, as the explorer does his surveys in a dark day, and the astronomer his observations in a cloudy night. But in one place the transparency was as real and

rare as the perspicacity, and that was Dr. Hedge's mind. The noting of such noble characteristics is the more appropriate now that in any earthly scene they can be no longer shown, and, moreover, to vindicate a man from possible partisan blame for his refusing to join any ecclesiastical or infidel sect. Dr. Hedge allowed not any wish for himself to be, in Shakspeare's phrase, "the father of his thought," or any denominational policy to bias his mind. He stood too firm to be by any gust of humor shaken, or wind of doctrine swept. His theology was too broad and catholic for any adversary to overturn, being composed of truth from every division of the church and all quarters of the world. His great heart never put in abeyance the rights, or dimmed the perceptions of his head.

To illustrate our theme from another great author, lately deceased, we should call Robert Browning the pre-eminent intellect of our literary class. He wielded a virile pen, and wrote his lines, as it was said Goethe signed his name, as with a fist. With what unmatched vigor and subtle penetration, he lays out his propositions and sets forth whatever for or against them can be said on either side as a lawyer for plaintiff and defendant too! No pleadings in any court could excel the ingenuity of argument and counter-statement in "Bishop Blougram's Apology" and in the "Ring and the Book." Those pieces are unparalleled products of a blended imagination and ratiocination, every page an amalgam of poetry and prose. But is the sentiment left out? Rather, as in the Socratic dialogues, it is raised to a higher pitch by the process of debate and by difference of opinion, condensed into jets of flame out of latent heat, thought and feeling everywhere completely fused. Nor are proofs wanting aside from Browning's books, that such was the nature of the man and that from all the achievements of the head his own faith resorted to his feelings and found a refuge in his heart. "I know I shall meet my dearest friends again," he declares, his affections finding a revelation of immortality in their own intensity. The sceptics he scorns. He believes with his heart. The union of manhood and womanhood in one and the same person was never more close and clear.

No doubt the distinction of sex is deeper than its symbol in the human frame, the man being more inclined to argue about what the woman sees by intuition or instinctively feels.

For many things, war or politics, navigation or agriculture, opening mines or clearing woods, or exploring unknown deserts and seas, she is less fit. Mr. Mills vindicated her right to vote. That is a reform against Nature, was Dr. Bushnell's reply. If to cast or claim the ballot be her duty it seems thus far impossible to bring many of her sex to perform it by dint of any soft appeal or any goad of reproach. But they hold fast to a destiny beyond this life. They delight to quote Theodore Parker who said he was conscious of it, and Joaquim Miller who, being called upon to prove his immortality, answered that he would not submit it to the trial of a police court. May not the heart be a prophet of what the head will some time teach?

In this surrender and depreciation by women of what if they wanted they might have, this voluntary and almost universal relinquishment of a right or privilege so great, in this attitude of civic indifference or aversion there is something, according to the view we may take of it, either senseless or sublime. Women are in a vast majority in the state, and were they not less selfish than men, could, if in place, not only rule but officer it from their own ranks. They are citizens. Yet, save in France at the Revolution with its *citoyennes*, the term citizeness is unknown. They are in a majority still more vast in the church if attendance on divine service be the test. Without them the temple-walls would crumble and public worship decline. For what reason do they abnegate or abdicate caucus and senate and shun the polls, while they congregate in the Sunday school and crowd the pews? Is there some cause which agitators do not guess at or suspect? If so, it must be either in that mental constitution with whose authority no written document can vie, or in a lack of education for which a long future will be required. Meantime the objects, if not the offices, of man and woman are the same. The sexes are parted in ways by which they may more happily meet. By a rational law, if not by a reasoning process, they shrink from being confounded, the man with the woman, or the woman with the man. Their harmony, not their identity, is the end. Either is the opposite sex that both may accord. Their diversely selected occupations emphasize this truth of their equivalent if not equal function and frame. Emancipated and independent, with the track cleared for her into any honorable calling now,

with few exceptions the woman tends to soft-hearted professions of medicine and the ministry, not to the hard-headed ones of the lawyer, broker, and financier. She will teach rather than trade, or engages in a delicate commerce of the booth and shop, leaving large, and coarse, and noisy operations to her brother-man. Her sex counts and asserts itself in her boldest and bravest undertaking and act. If, on urgent occasion, she saves a drowning person or steers a ship, her conduct is trumpeted as an achievement and an exploit, when with a man the deed would pass as commonplace. She affects physical science, chemistry, astronomy and the arts, painting and music, and shuns the metaphysics which Emerson scored as arid and Goethe said he had enough of to last him his life and could do without any.

Neither the transcendental nor the traditional element alone can, on any side of our humanity, make intelligence complete. Both must join to produce a supreme intellect, poetic or philosophic, like Coleridge, Wordsworth, Browning, Goethe, Emerson or Hedge. If women have not struggled or shone on the arena of controversy, let us cite the names of George Sand and George Eliot in sign of their possible pre-eminence in that field of letters which outstretches the region of our disputes. Human nature is not a fixed quantity or quality to be measured or put under arrest, but continually evolved, and in no terms or formulas contained. It is leviathan and cannot be bound. It is an ocean in which far more swims than we see. We but dimly realize much that it holds. With no sinker have we sounded it yet. Our chart is but of its surface, or tells its depths only in spots. Our classification is not complete. Protoplasm is not first, but implies a plastic power before itself. We cannot resolve ourselves into our constituents, more than can plants or animals be reconverted into the germs and rays and drops whence they grew. The sculptor's bust is more than the marble block. Matter must have spirit before it, behind it, or added to it, to become life. The question is not what we were made of, or how we came; but who we are, and will be. The intellect will hunt its own game. Should we discover the North pole, we should want to creep to the earth's centre through Symmes' hole. We find metals, and expect to hear sounds, in sunbeams. That boy was a prophet who, when a cannon was fired, asked if the sun spoke. Truth is old and new. What is inspired consists with what is handed down.

THE AFRICAN ELEMENT IN AMERICA.

BY PROF. N. S. SHALER.

ALTHOUGH man is the most widely distributed over the surface of the earth of any of the higher animals, enduring a wider range of climate, subsisting on a more diversified food, and withstanding a more considerable variety of privations than any other complicated being, he has accomplished this geographic extension by fitting his physical and mental peculiarities to the varied conditions of his dwelling-places. The result is that while the most cosmopolitan of creatures, he is at the same time the most provincial. In this feature man is much like his higher kindred, the domesticated mammals which he has forced to share his fate. Each of these creatures, the horned cattle, sheep, horses, swine, etc., has also fitted its forms and habits to the environment in which it has been compelled to live. The Shetland pony differs from the Arabian horse, in much the same way, though in a greater measure, as the sturdy man of the northern isles differs from the lithe son of the desert. These variations of man and beast in the various stations of the world are essentially due to the influence of the climatal conditions which surround them.

Very few persons conceive the absolute dependence of every organic being on the conditions of this world. The old idea that man was cast upon the earth by the immediate act of God, as a meteorite is thrown from the heavens by what we consider the chance of a superior will, leads us vaguely to suppose that we are in a large measure independent of the nature about us. It has been the peculiar task of the last half of this century, to restore men to nature, and thereby, we believe, to bring them really nearer to the infinite care of God. Those who have attained to some conception as to the true position of humanity in the universe, perceive that hereafter, when men shall have had the

opportunity fairly to conceive these conditions, they will see that Nature enfoldes them as perfectly as the womb of the mother does the child. We already know that men have come from the earth by inconceivably numerous stages of advance through the forms of the lower life, each stage being attained by the perfect reconciliation of that advancing life with the nature about it. Therefore, when we speak of the effects of climate and environment, we really mean to assemble in this expression, which no one really comprehends, all the vast array of influences, which have made the creature what it is; which have brought it forth from the primal chaos and placed its life under the skies of to-day.

When we speak of climate we must not alone consider the sun and rain or the heat and cold of the seasons to which the existing conditions of the earth have been exposed, but the vastly greater influences which have affected life in all the ages since it came into being. When we note the effects of environment, we have to take account of the soil, food, enemies, and friends of the individual life, not only in the present form, but in that of its myriad ancestors. The creature of to-day, though it endures for but a moment of time, is the heir of all the ages and embodies in its life the experiences of the past. This conception is by far the most important of all which science has afforded; it is not yet possible for us to grasp the ideas which it presents; it will indeed require a new and higher kind of mind to comprehend the realm which is thus offered to our thought. Yet as the mathematicians deal with matters which elude conception, so we shall have to make use of these ideas, at least in an algebraic way; such use, indeed, as we have learned to make of the ungraspable facts concerning the depths of space, and the duration of time which the sciences of astronomy and geology afford.

In considering the modifications in character which constitute the varieties of man, we must note a fact of great importance in determining our opinion concerning the permanence of these provincialisms and their consequent effect on the future history of each of these divisions. In the body of men we have a singularly obstinate structure; while in his mental parts he is endowed with very great capacities of change, in his physical frame he is, perhaps, the least variable of animals. This invariability of the body seems to be inti-

mately connected with the pliability of the human mind. It appears as if the principle of growth and change had been transferred from the field of the physical to that of the mental organization, and that the range of the intellectual progress required the rigidity of the frame as if for a foundation on which to rest. Whatever be the cause of this relative permanence in the physical parts of man, it is clearly one of the most marked of his attributes. If we remove our domesticated animals from one country to another, they spontaneously vary in their characteristics with the difference in the conditions they encounter. The sheep change the character of their wool in hot climates; the wild pigs and cattle which have escaped from domesticity in many parts of the world have a different form from their parent stock; even the silk worm, when reared in unaccustomed regions or fed on unusual food, changes the character of its cocoon. But a well established variety of man transposed to a new field, however varying from that to which it has become adapted, has never, so far as we can determine, in any considerable measure lost its original characteristics.

The experiments in the acclimatization of men have never, it is true, been deliberately undertaken; they are nearly all the results of what we, for convenience, term chance; yet they are so numerous that we may find very many instances to confirm the general assertion that of all animals man seems in his structure to be the most unvarying in his bodily features. The Egyptian monuments show clearly that the same races existed in the Nile country more than four thousand years ago that we find in that African land of to-day. The Semitic people have preserved their features but little changed in their migrations over the world. Such alterations as they exhibit may be attributed to a certain mingling of their blood with that of the peoples with whom they have dwelt. The American Indians, notwithstanding the range of their dwelling-places from the Arctic to near the Antarctic circles, preserve essentially the same physical type, showing us such differences as we remark in comparing with each other the Aryan, the Shemite, the Tartar, the Malay, and the Negro. Though they vary among themselves in their intellectual parts in a very notable manner, each of these races has certain permanent characteristics which appear almost ineffaceable; within the limits

of recorded history, at least, they may be considered as unvarying.

In only one case has the experiment of acclimatizing a peculiar race in a region to which it did not spontaneously seek a dwelling-place been essayed on an extensive scale. This interesting inquiry was made with the negro on the new world. Although the institution of slavery is very old, ante-dating history in all lands where people have escaped from savagery, the modern extended traffic in slaves has been limited to the trade in African captives. This limitation was doubtless due to the fact that, thickly peopled, the dark continent afforded hardy, patient laborers, who were defended from capture by no strong states, where, indeed, the political conditions made it easy to secure captive human beings at a low price. The Americas in this century were inhabited by an undomesticated, and, as time has proved, an undomesticable race, less vigorous of body than the African, and of an indomitable nature. Experience soon showed the settlers of this country that the Indian had little or no commercial value as a slave while the negro was an admirable aid to the civilized man. The Indian was, therefore, rarely adopted into our society, but was rudely displaced or slain by arms, vices, and disease.

The economist and the sociologist may find in this colossal experiment made by the introduction of Africans into America, the basis of a host of inquiries; they may note the fact that the negro by his labor at first greatly accelerated the speed with which the Americans entered into the economic life of the world and then singularly retarded the higher development of these lands; or they may consider the effects on society, arising from the commingling of diverse races within the limits of the slave-holding States. To the naturalist, however, though these questions are also interesting, the transcendent problem afforded by this singular migration is to the effect of the change in environment on the negro people. Never before has any body of human beings been subjected to such a peculiar trial as these Africans have been called on to endure, and we cannot imagine that another such experiment will again be made. All the other phenomena, both social and economic, which the presence of the Africans as slaves in the various States of America present to us have been paralleled in other lands and times. The experiment of accli-

matization alone is unique in the scale and range of the trial. To perceive how extensive and interesting are the biologic problems afforded by our African people, we must note the leading facts concerning their ancestry.

The negroes of this country were derived from truly tropical folk. No other population in the world seems to have been so long under the influence of the vertical sun. Although there is a considerable and, as we may see hereafter, a very important difference in the nature of their origin as regards the quality of their ancestors, they are all deeply and apparently indelibly stamped with the mark of their long-continued residence in equatorial lands. Such climatal and other environing conditions produce peculiar types of men; they tend, indeed, to bring the most diverse races into something like the same moral and intellectual state. It is not easy for those who have been bred in high latitudes to conceive the way in which Nature effects the equatorial races; the northern winter rather than the summer of the Aryan lands has shaped their motives. The struggle with a rude Nature which our ancestors have endured in the ages while their race characteristics were making, has been one long war with winter's trials. In the battle they have learned thrift, the habit of continuous labor, the consummate art of sparing the moment's pleasure for the profit of to-morrow. They have had to store the products of their toil and to interchange them with the fruits of other lands, for no one field of their tilling can produce all the materials which they need. The indolent and the shiftless have been constantly taken away by the death which speedily comes to the weak beneath the cruel testing of a northern sky.

It is very different with the intertropical man; there the nearly uniform temperature takes away the need of much clothing, and makes artificial heat unnecessary save for cooking food. Such food as the fields or wilderness afford, is generally to be had at all times of the year, or if there be harvests they come repeatedly and demand little husbanding. A thatch is sufficient shelter and a wall of thorns a stronghold. Although the tropics have their trials, their lands are, in their physical and moral effects, like an almshouse where men are disciplined to inaction and deprived of all the educative influence of evitable dangers. We see the great protective effects of equatorial conditions in the forms below the level of man, as well as in the human species. In the time

of their most vigorous life, the elephants, rhinoceros, tigers, and many of the other larger animals, ranged far to the North and endured its strenuous conditions; in this modern day these species, becoming enfeebled with age as their individuals decline in strength with the lapse of years, have fallen away from high latitudes and are only preserved in the lands of perennial warmth. The hairy mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros fed at the foot of the glaciers of the last ice time, and probably endured the cold about as well as the polar bear of to-day. Their enfeebled living kindred have been driven to the protection of the tropical refuge, where Nature, giving with a free hand, puts little stress on existence. It was in these lands of enduring ease that our African people were cradled, while our savage and barbarian ancestors were combatting the winters in the stubborn fields of the high North, and receiving thereby the precious heritage of energy and foresight which has given them the mastery of the world.

The great need of labor in the pioneer state of the New World settlements in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries led to the importation of Africans into the central regions of the Americans, throughout all the lands from the La Platte in the South to the St. Lawrence in the North. This region affords about as wide a range of climate, soil, and other conditions which effect men as is found in all the lands occupied by civilized man. Not only were the circumstances of the purely natural sort, extremely varied, but the peoples to whom these Africans were slaves, were extremely diversified. The English, French, Dutch, Spanish, and Portuguese were their masters, and thus they came under the dominance of all the higher types of European civilization. It is a singular fact that the African, in this way, became the most cosmopolitan in his distribution of all the settlers in the New World; and, at the present time, his descendants are more widely diffused over the surface of the Americas than are those derived from any one strain of European blood. Thus the experiment in the acclimatization of this utterly foreign people pertains to substantially all the physical and moral influences which these continents could afford.

At the present time we are unable to determine how many born Africans have been brought across the Atlantic since the slave trade began. It is, however, not likely that the total

number has exceeded three million souls, of whom the greater part were doubtless taken to the West Indies and Brazil. It seems tolerably certain that, into the region north of the Gulf of Mexico, not more than half a million were imported. We are even more at a loss to ascertain the present number of negroes in these continents; in fact, this point is probably indeterminable, for the reason that the African blood has co-mingled with that of the European settlers and the aborigines in an incalculable manner. Counting as negroes, however, all who share in the proportion of more than one half the African blood, there are probably not less than thirty million people who may be regarded as of this race between Canada and Patagonia. It is thus evident that, as a whole, the Africans have physically prospered exceedingly in their new dwelling-places; it is tolerably certain that in their native continent they could not have been reproductively so successful as they have been here. Their rate of multiplication seems on the average to have been at least as great as that of the white masters. It is, however, evident that their organic success has varied greatly in different parts of the wide field in which they find a place. Considering first the northern limits of the slave-holding colonies, we note that, although the negroes were implanted in New England and the other colonies north of the Delaware, they have hardly maintained themselves in that part of the Atlantic Sea board. The negro population has, it is true, remained in the larger New England towns, but it has retained its place by contributions from the South. I have been unable definitely to trace the existence in this section of any descendants of the blacks who were then there in the last century, save perhaps in the case of a few who have become co-mingled with the remnants of the Indians of Gay Head and Marshpee; if such there be, they are very few in number.

In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia there are a few negroes whose origin local tradition reports to be slaves brought from the rebellious colonies by the emigrant Tories during and at the close of the Revolutionary War, or from the West Indies. The number of these blacks is so limited, that, even if they are from a stock so long upon the soil, the fact has little importance for us. It seems to me likely that, while there may be a share of blood derived from

those who have been for three or four generations upon the ground, this has been co-mingled with that of refugees who had in later times escaped from the West Indies, or the slave-holding States of our Union. Substantially the same conditions exist in the province of Ontario, which for nearly half a century was a common resort for runaway negroes; the African race has barely maintained itself there, notwithstanding the considerable increase from immigration which continued for several decades. The condition of the negro population of the North becomes less clear as we approach the Potomac, for the reason that this region being nearer the body of the slave-holding States, the opportunities for the importation of the blacks who had been emancipated became greater. A study of the census returns shows that the negro element in all these districts, including Maryland and Delaware, does not seem to have attained a measure of increase comparable to that of the whites.

While the question is one of difficulty, it appears tolerably clear that the conditions of the environment which the African population found in this portion of the continent were not such as to enable them to maintain their numbers. It is true that their failure to increase may be due to the fact that they, to a certain extent, fell into the lowest class of city population and may have suffered from the conditions which such a state of life imposed upon them; yet this tendency of the negro to resort to large towns whenever he chooses a northern habitation, probably shows that he is at a disadvantage in these cold countries. In the South he appears, when of pure blood at least, generally to prefer the field employments to which his race has been long habituated.

It is a noticeable fact that African slavery disappeared from the northern States before there was any anti-slavery sentiment which was strong enough to have made head against a profitable institution. Moreover, it vanished before the demand for domestic labor had been supplied by foreign immigration or native increase of population. The circumstances of its disappearance certainly afford additional reasons for believing that the negro was not as a possession remunerative in these States, probably for the reason that he was not suited to so northern a climate. Although the southern staples of cotton and tobacco have doubtless done much to affirm the hold of the Africans upon the soil of the old slave

States, there were many industries in New England and New York, in which it would have been profitable to employ blacks as servants, provided they had been as hardy and as industrious as they have proved themselves to be in the farther South.

The South as a whole, has evidently afforded a much better field than the northern States for the occupation of the negro. In the greater part of its area, he has, at least under the conditions of slavery, proved fertile, vigorous, and long lived. In the region bordering on the Ohio River and the Missouri, in the States of Kentucky and Missouri, we find, however, districts where the race for some reasons less numerically developed than elsewhere in the South. The central and western part of Kentucky, and a large part or the whole of Missouri, are naturally plantation districts as far as the soil and the crops are concerned. This district should have been well adapted for the profitable employment of slaves, yet, in the most remunerative period of slave-holding, these States had only about one fourth of their population composed of negroes, the greater part of the field labor being done by the whites. As these States were wealthy, and the farms generally owned by men who were able to possess negroes, and as the risk of their escape was very slight, it seems to me that we may fairly seek an explanation of the relatively small numbers of Africans in this field, in the climatal conditions which it presents.

The climate of the central part of the Mississippi Valley closely resembles that of New England and New York, from which the negroes seem to be practically debarred. The summers are hot while the winters are prevailing cold, and subject to sudden alterations of temperature. In this region the considerable height of the surface above the sea which in the middle part of Kentucky amounts to a thousand feet or more, makes the climate more vigorous than it is in same parallel of latitude in the lowlands of the Atlantic coast. I am disposed to think that those of African blood are at a disadvantage in this region of strenuous climate, and that it is not until we pass into central and southern Tennessee and Arkansas that we find the conditions of the central part of the continent well suited to this race. It is probably in part on account of the same climatal effects that the negro has no important place in the mountainous districts of the

Appalachians. In that section where the area of tillage rises to the height of fifteen hundred or two thousand feet above the ocean, men of this race are exceedingly rare, being hardly more numerous than in New England, or the other very northern States. In a considerable measure, however, this exclusion of the negro from the Appalachian uplands is due to the fact that this is a region of small farms and the crops are of a nature to make the use of slaves unprofitable.

Thus, within the limits of the United States, there appear to be but eleven States in all, containing not more than a fifth of the arable land of the nation, where the negroes evidently have prospered even under the peculiar care which they received as slaves. It must be remembered that this supervision of the master was adapted to protect the race from the evils which climatal and other circumstances of environment were calculated to inflict on them. The money value of a slave, to say nothing of other sources of interest, was so great that it was profitable to care for them. The sheltering effect of the supervision of the abler people who were their masters, made it possible for the blacks to thrive where they could not otherwise maintain themselves. It seems therefore unlikely that the race will extend its numbers, at least while in its present social position, in a considerable portion of the field where it formerly prospered, as for instance, in Virginia, where for more than a century, the breeding and sale of negroes was a large and profitable industry. Under the peculiar conditions of this unhappy traffic in this State the negro people prospered exceedingly. One of the most interesting results of the business was the elevation of the blacks of the Old Dominion to a physical and intellectual level to which they attained in no other part of this country. When men and women were to be sold away from the Virginia plantations where they were bred, the ordinary human nature of the master led to the selection for export of the least attractive of the disposable material. Those who had endeared themselves to their owners by qualities of head and heart were retained, while the vicious and the otherwise objectionable were sold to the traders. In this manner for several generations a process of selection, the like of which has probably never been seen in any country, was applied to the Africans of this commonwealth and the effects are marked in the black blood.

Although the negroes of Virginia were thus elevated to a high level, the effect of enfranchisement seems likely to prove destructive to them. Perhaps for the reason that they were lifted to a better state than the most of their race, they show in the more southern districts a disposition to leave the fields and crowd into the towns, where they suffer in a singular measure from vices and diseases which assail the lower classes in such domiciles.

Unhappily for our inquiry there is a lack of statistical data on which we can hope to base a definite conclusion as to the physical condition of the negroes of the southern States. A close attention to the aspect of the people in that part of the country has, however, convinced me that this part of our population is in admirable bodily condition. They seem to me to be singularly exempt from congenital deformities or, if we except curvatures of the legs, from any bodily malformations, such as curvature of the spine, which we find among the whites. As compared with the lower classes of European peasants they appear in this regard to great advantage. Though something of their excellent bodily state is doubtless due to the continued care of their physical health to which they were subjected during the period of slavery, we cannot well doubt that the environment of this region is congenial to them. In this part of the country they do not seem to have lost in their rate of increase since their emancipation. The next census may indeed show that they have maintained the startling rate of increment which they had during their ancient protected condition when their breeding was fostered and their children carefully nurtured.

Turning our attention to the regions south of the United States, we note in the islands of the Antilles that the negroes have as a whole shown no sign of diminution in numbers since they became freemen. In San Domingo and Hayti and elsewhere, they have been left without the sustaining influence of the white population and have fallen back to the degraded condition of their savage countries. Sir Spencer St. John, for some time the British minister at Hayti, asserts that the native blacks have, here and there, revived the practice of cannibalism which they associate with their fetich worship. This assertion has been vigorously denied by others whose opportunities for forming an opinion are less good than those of that writer. However it may be con-

cerning this savage practice, no one can question the essential failure of these independent negro communities to secure a hold on the social principles which lead to civilization. Although there are no trustworthy statistics concerning the mortality or even the present numbers of these free states, which are managed by negroes or mulattoes, it seems tolerably certain that the death rate is abnormally high and that the population is stationary, or absolutely decreasing in numbers. That it should remain stationary in a land of exceeding fertility, where only a small part of the tillable area is in use, and where the climate is properly suited to the best development of the race, being in all important regards very like that of their African dwelling-place, seems to indicate that the negro is not likely to multiply in this continent, save where he secures the protection afforded by a strong social framework which he cannot construct and for the existence of which he must depend on the state-building race.

In Mexico and Central America, the negro has amalgamated not only with the whites, but with the indigenous population of the country in such a measure, that he is not anything like as distinct a people as in the United States. The same process of miscegenation has served to confuse the African blood in all the tropical regions of South America. Where the blood predominates and is not firmly held in the control of civilization of European origin, the blacks, if we may judge from travellers' reports, show no tendency to advance in social culture, but tend rather to lose whatever elevation they may have gained when under the control of civilized peoples. As regards the matter of mere acclimatization, the condition of the negro in Central and South America, at least as far southward as the region of the Rio Plata, we may unhesitatingly conclude that the experiment has proved thoroughly successful. The race maintains its vigor; it seems to be as fertile and as enduring to the trials of life as the Spanish and Portuguese; it withstands open-air toil beneath a tropic sun much better than those of European blood. In general, we may say that in the sea-board lowlands between the waters of Albemarle Sound and the estuaries of the Uruguay and the Plata, the negro finds a station perfectly well suited to his physical needs. His success in the upland districts, where the climate is strenuous, appears, as yet, doubtful; the evidence in hand appears to indicate that

the mountain climates of the new world, even in low latitudes, are not well suited to his organic needs.

There is another test of the negro condition which lies in fields somewhat apart from those we have considered; viz., as to the possibility of mingling his blood with that of other races. Within the limits of the United States, the negro has, to a considerable extent, fused with the Europeans and with the aboriginal Americans. In the opinion of all the medical men I have questioned, and I have sought information on this point from very many, the true half breed, or those which appear such, are usually of much weaker body than the average people of pure blood of either race. The most acute observer on this point, whom I have known, assured me that in forty years medical practice, in communities where negroes abounded, he did not think he had ever seen a true mulatto, i. e., a person of half African and half European blood, who had attained the age of fifty years. When either strain of blood predominates, the progeny is proportionally stronger than it is with the even mixture of races, but in most cases the result of miscegenation is a feebler man than the unmixed descendants of the primitive stocks. Humboldt long ago remarked that the half breeds of America, whatever the parent races, were less satisfactory people than the old established varieties of men, whether of native, Indian, European, or African. Thus, while there is generally a gain from the mingling of diversities in human character such as are found within the limits of the European peoples, the bounds of profit seem to be passed when elements as widely separated as the African and the European are united.

In the barrier between the African and the European blood, we find the most impassible obstacle to the complete success of the blacks on America. It appears clear that the negroes cannot, as yet, stand alone in communities of their own making. Needing the support of the more developed Europeans they are physically debarred from complete union with them. In the position of dependent people they must slowly and painfully win their way to the lessons in the art of self-government and of associated action, which, with like toil and pain, have been won by those peoples who removed their ancestors from the wilds of Africa. I shall elsewhere try to show that the negro seems clearly to be capable of winning his way upward on the same lines of advance as have been

traversed by the whites, the problem of this advance is one of exceeding difficulty; to accomplish the task it needs more than the helpful good will, it requires the devoted aid of our own race. It may well be that in this duty which the sordid and short-sighted action of our forefathers imposed upon us, our people are to find the noblest field for the exercise and development of their highest capacities.

A GLANCE AT "THE GOOD OLD TIMES."

BY REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE.

THERE seems to be in the heart of every man a lingering, broken recollection of earth's infant dream of Eden. The idea of this Paradise, "once ours, now lost," hovers over the border-land of the Past, and flits through the dim chambers of memory like the ghost of a half forgotten joy.

There is, for all of us, away back in the distance of dimming years, a "good old time," in which we love to wander, better and fairer than anything the world holds for us now, in possession or in promise. In the centre of that far-off landscape stands "the old house at home." The woods that skirted our childish vision were full of fancied mysteries. We trod their borders half looking for any magic wonder or strange appearance. The narrow river in which we used to swim was to us as wide as a sea. The little brook that wound through the pasture at the foot of the hill had fishes wondrous large to repay our pin-hook angling. Every stump and fence and lonely tree wore an air of mysterious importance that filled our little plays around them brimful of childish adventure. The skies that roofed our playground were not as far away as now. The shining stars were closer then. The rainbows that bridged those dripping clouds drooped down their brilliant stripes almost within reach of our childish grasp.

But to our feeling a change has passed upon things since then. The faces of those days have fled; and the world has none like them now. The plays of those unwearied hours held us with a fascination, and had for us a relish that we have not tasted now these many years. What hours have been like those rainy ones in the garret, or after school-time on endless summer afternoons? What man has ever seen a face so fair as that of the little sun-burnt beauty,

bare-foot, and in gingham tier, whose pockets he stuffed with apples and candy at school? Do what we will, find what we will, as men, the doings and discoveries of childhood surpass them all. With the pathos of beautiful words, literature builds a mausoleum over the shadowy memories of the dead past, and inscribes it with strains of mournful elegy.

"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore:
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things that I have seen I now can see no more.

"The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose:
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare:
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair:
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth."

And the common conversation of every day takes up this same sad strain of regret, and talks of the wonderful things that were had, said, and done "When I was young."

In his old age, some one asked Lord Chesterfield how he did, and he replied, "Oh, I've been dead these several years; only I don't choose to have people find it out." We all of us have among our acquaintances, some good old friend,—cherished the more for his peculiarities,—who, like Chesterfield, lives only in the past. To his aged eyes, the gilding of the world's affairs seems sadly defaced and worn, and the baser metal shines through with a very brassy look. He sits and muses by our modern firesides, but his home is in an older land. And if he sometimes comes out on a tour of observation into our later life, it is only to shake his head over the novel methods and customs of our day with an ominous look that says, "Ah! things didn't used to go this way when I was a boy!" "They didn't use to have such aggravating weather with rheumatism in every wind." "Men and women are not so strong as they once were." "They don't have such health; they don't live so long." "Why, when I was

a boy I can remember that my grandmother—" and all the rest of the oft repeated story. And he frequently remarks, "Family government has come to a dreadful pass. Boys and girls were once boys and girls, and knew their places. They weren't allowed to run wild as they do nowadays." To his mind, too, society has become fearfully corrupt. Young men do not stay quietly at home on the farm, or at the inherited trade, dressed in homespun trousers and homespun morality, as they did once; but they have gone out into the world, into broadcloth and wicked ways. As he looks over the morning paper, he sighs at the column of crimes and casualties, and says, "The world is growing worse and worse." It is of no use to whisper in his ear that more crimes were committed in the days when we had no way of hearing about them; that an hour now gives us news that required a six-month's journey to reach us only a few years ago; that the lightning has turned post-boy and now runs to whisper in our private ear all the great world's tattle, from a coronation at St. Petersburg, or a revolution in China, to the apple crop in Oregon. He cannot appreciate how the age has outrun him.

But do not think that our old man is representative of only a modern class. It has been so ever since the world began. Men and nations move forward with a backward look, and revere as heroic and divine whatever and whomsoever is moss-grown with age, or whitened with the frost of time.

Go back as far as you can find any trace of a literature, and you shall see men trying to whip up the laggard stupidity of their evil generation by glowing pictures of what the world once was. Even old Homer—of course his times were modern to him—recounting the deeds of the ancient heroes round Troy wall, soars on the wings of a lofty enthusiasm, and, from the summit of his poetic flight, his neighbors and fellow townsmen beneath him look wonderfully lilliputian. Telling how one of those old champions lifts and hurls a huge boulder at his adversary, as if it had only been a pitching quoit, he adds;—

"Not ten strong men th'enormous weight could raise,—
Such men as live in these degenerate days."

But the men of Homer's day were the giants and heroes of later Greece; and this later age was gigantic and heroic to

one later and smaller still; until the inference forces itself upon us that the world has been, at some time, unspeakably large, or else that we are several times more diminutive than we like to confess. There is no great or good thing *now*: The giants are all "*in those days*."

I should like to get hold of a copy of the "Daily Euphrates Advertiser," published in Mesopotamia, when Noah was a young man of only two or three hundred years. You would doubtless find on the editorial pages (along with lamentations over the unprincipled fusion of political parties, the general depravity of the rulers, and the corruptions of the judiciary) a philosophical discussion of "The causes of the decay of manly vigor." It would attempt to account for the fact that the people of the age died so much younger than they used to, being cut off in the midst of their usefulness after two or three centuries, instead of living to a good old age. The causes assigned would probably be, the widespread luxury and extravagances of the time. In the poet's corner, signed M. —, a remembered fragment from Methuselah, would be some verses full of the rustle of autumn leaves, in elegiac celebration of the brevity of our earthly pilgrimage.

I wonder if the Philistines, when Samson carried off the gates of Gaza, did not remark that if some of their mightier ancestors had been present, they might have taken a section of the wall along too? And do you not suppose that Goliath of Gath told people that his spear handle, though large as a weaver's beam, would hardly have been fit for a walking stick for his great-grandfather? If we only had a volume of his Table Talk, we would find a lot of such "yarns" among his after-dinner stories.

Times and persons and things do grow wondrously larger after we've left them behind us a while. There's a sort of homesick principle that makes a scene or a thing take on attractions that we never thought of while it was ours. Just as the dull rock, common grass, and ragged trees of a mountain-top, as you leave them, become clothed upon with the blue mantle of mystery and beauty. And the farther off a thing becomes, the less the possibility of our having it back again, the more witching and irresistible its charms.

Thus of our childhood homes. We were foolish and did not rightly value it when it was ours, and we should doubtless

be foolish and not value it were it ours once more; and yet the grown-up imagination is ever hovering over its hearthstone. That group of home faces, and those tender fireside scenes lie wrapped in the mellow light of sacredness that our older atmosphere seems incapable of retaining, and we often wish that we could go back to that time once more. But if you have a home you are in that very atmosphere of mystic wonder still; only no eyes but the children's see it. To them, around you and your home, gather all the glory and romance in which your childhood walked. You discover them not now, because they were in your hearts and imaginations, through which you looked out on the common things around you, though none the less real for that.

How often do you hear some one remark, while watching a group of children at their play,—“It's well they do not know what's before them. They are seeing their best days. Let them enjoy themselves while they can.”

These idealizers of childhood forget that it is not true that the child has no cares nor troubles. His sorrows are as big for him as yours are for you. To borrow the Country Parson's figure, though a man seven feet tall may easily wade across a stream that is five feet deep, it would go clear over the head of one only four feet tall, and perhaps sweep him from his footing. The boy has his important plans and business transactions; and their success elates, or their defeat crushes. He has his ambitions, his projects for play or adventure; and the parental veto brings him as sad disappointment as the thwarting hand of Providence brings us. They are as real to him as our works and trials are to us; and often times they are quite as sensible and necessary. He is insulted or injured, and his honor feels as deep a wound as that of older chivalry. He has pride, and feels neglect as well as we. He loves approval and feels the cutting edge of censure. He has his heart difficulties too. I have seen a little fellow go mad in love with the little pantaletted and sunbonneted keeper of a pair of bright eyes quite as truly and wisely as older folk; and when he was jilted in favor of the boy with the aristocratic superiority of a new jack-knife, he became quite a respectable misanthrope, and concluded that he had sounded this hollow world to the bottom. Like the little girl who cried out of her vexation, “O mamma! I wish I was dead! My cart is broken; and my doll is only saw-dust

inside; and I'm sick and tired of life?" Both were in the "sere and yellow leaf" quite as seriously as Byron was when poetizing his conventional disgust with the world.

No; let those who wish to — provided they can find means of transportation, — turn about and travel back to childhood. Let them pick up their old rattles, and bestride their long unriden rocking horse. But let me find out what there is in the future. I'd not live over one year of boyish time; not even for mother's lullaby, not to sit on father's knee. I will find father and mother and a fairer family circle, — though none the less the old, — in the years to come. Then let the hurrying years sweep on. They bear us to better hopes, sweeter joys, and to greetings of old friends in brighter days and brighter lands than were of yore.

Those of you who were born in the country will remember those first years in the village schoolhouse. We sat on the front seat, swung our dangling feet, wondering what kind of small boys such benches were measured for; and at recess we stood in terror of the big boys who had attained the manliness of swearing and chewing tobacco. With what reverential awe we looked up to the "Master" then. There was one I think of now; and I often smile when contrasting what I thought him with what he was. To my young imagination, his sandy hair was as the thatch roof on some rustic temple of learning. Heroic deeds sat in those eyes that, from under cliff of brows, frowned hair-pullings and ear-cuffings at us whenever we were so foolhardy as to veer our sitting postures from the right angle. Behind his wrinkled forehead were storerooms for untold treasures of wisdom and knowledge. There was learning in his walk, and in the tones of his voice. His coat-tails seemed cut according to some mysterious mathematical angles, and geographical archipelagoes were in the groups of blue and red figures that ornamented his gorgeous waistcoat. Even the peculiar flourish with which he blew his nose on his red silk handkerchief was instinct with intellect, and the resounding echo was hardly less than a far-off reverberation of the very trumpet of Fame.

But I saw him once since I grew up — and the fairy land of school-day time at once and very suddenly became transformed to very common country.

This belief in the "good old times" comes out in a thousand ways. If you have ever been engaged and have got married, you have doubtless been told, right in the golden glow of your engagement, by some kindly sympathetic aunt, that you had better make the most of the sunny days of courtship, and the soft light of the honeymoon, before the hard facts of bread and butter were upon you. She hinted of coming cares, of seasons of storm, and darkness and tempest. She told you that differences of taste, and jarrings of opinion, and clashings of will, were liable to mar the peace of wedded life.

Such people seem to think that courtship is a paradise, from which innocent but deluded victims fall into the cold and dreary outer world of marriage. How well I remember these kindly premonitions of coming ill. And I suppose they thought the incredulous laughter with which they were received would be turned into mourning in due time.

But it strikes me marriage can be made very much what people please — worse or better than the former life. If they want a purgatory, they will find a large supply of convenient and combustible material with which to kindle a fire. But if they choose, they can with united shoulders bear the burdens of life, with united hearts accept its joys, with clasped hands pursue its changeful path, making it a constant progression and a constant rise, from joy to higher joy, from attainment to nobler attainment.

But, instead of shaping the present to wise, noble, and happy issues, men go back and sigh over the past — dropping the substance to clutch at a shadow. If a husband and wife who think that the honeymoon was pleasanter than their present life, will only bite their lips, instead of letting the biting retort pass them; if they will only teach their tongues to talk love as they used to; if they will only try the experiment of being as polite and thoughtful as they were during courtship,—perhaps they may discover the lost secret of the happiness of their early love. "Incompatibility" frequently means only a selfish desire to have one's own way, or an unwillingness to make the necessary effort to behave oneself.

And it is ludicrous and contemptible to see in what small and mean ways this prejudice for the old will sometimes manifest itself. Have you never sat down at table in a family where the wife wore always an anxious, careful look?

At the commencement of the meal she casts many a fearful glance across the board to learn if her exacting lord will condescend to be pleased with her success in cookery. I've seen such men who are always growling because the biscuit did not taste like their first wife's; or because the pumpkin pie was not such as mother used to make. And so, at every table, a chair must be set for the skeleton figure of some aunt or grandmother whose frowning visage may chase content from the face of the wife. Some wives are hectored thus their lives long because they do not happen to cook like some of their husband's ancestors,—though, very likely, they may do it a great deal better.

Thus, in little as well as great affairs, men hold up the past as a model, forgetting that the old seems best simply because it is that to which they became accustomed. Such men seem to think that all the women of the world ought to be modelled on their grandmothers, and that if one vary anywhere from this archetype, she should be reprimanded for her presumption, and taught to know her place. It's a pity for their wives' sake, that they could not have married their grandmothers,—or nobody.

There are several, wide-spread, romantic hallucinations concerning the past, a specimen of which I must give before touching on the more practical sides of my theme.

There was, in the olden time, a courtly age of chivalry.

The young lady reclines upon the sofa in the soft summer twilight and reads *Ivanhoe*, or the *Idyls of the King*. And as she muses, she builds up a vision of castles and knights and tournaments and adventures, until the fixed, blank gaze and the dropped volume indicate that she has entered into the airy regions in which was held King Arthur's Court. She sees the flashing armor, the waving pennons, the gray walls and towers, the dashing passage at arms, until this modern life of ours is a very stale affair. Perhaps she muses over Tennyson, and sees how —

"Then in the boyhood of the year,
Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere
Rode though the coverts of the deer
With blissful treble ringing clear.
She seemed a part of joyous spring:
A gown of grass-green silk she wore
Buckled with golden clasps before;
A light green tuft of plumes she bore
Closed in a golden ring.

"Now on some twisted ivy net,
Now by some twinkling rivulet,
In mosses mixed with violet
Her cream-white mule his pastern set:
And fleeter now she skims the plains
Than she whose elfin prancer springs
By night to eery warblings,
When all the glimmering moorland rings
With jingling bridle reins."

And, as thus the gay queen of romance gets into her head, she whispers, half aloud, "How much finer to gallop thus, a knight's true love, than to marry young Tompkins, and come down to cooking mutton-chops, washing dishes, and rocking the cradle?"

And doubtless it might be grand, were one only sure of being a lady of rank, and having a castle of one's own. And you will notice that in these popular dreams of chivalry there appear to be no people in the land — except a few convenient vassals — below the station of baron or count. They are gotten up on the plan of Artemus Ward's "Baldwinsville Hoss Cavalry," all of whom, to avoid jealousy, were Brigadier-Generals, — all are lords and ladies.

But, be it remembered, the high and beautiful and happy were only the few. Where there was one lady or knight there were a thousand crushed, ignorant, hopeless serfs. These names and titles were but glittering will-o'-the-wisps, trailing their putrescent splendors above dark pools and marshes of degradation. The great mass of society was full of oppression, squalor, want, and crime. Crushed by one noble, robbed by all, in constant danger from friend and foe, the spirit of the common people was broken. With nothing to hope for, and nothing to lose, what could they do better than take their hour of revelry, and plunder and fight their way through with the rest?

And as we get a little nearer to them the nobility do not look quite so fine as at a distance. Strip off their armor, remove their coronets, and put them into nineteenth-century citizen's dress, and they present a very suggestive resemblance to Five Points roughs, or "gentlemen of the prize ring." And I confess I can hardly see why it was much nobler business for them to knock one another over the head with poetical maces and battle-axes, in their fine tournaments, than for Heenan and Sayers to blacken each other's eyes, or to knock one another's teeth down their throats.

And what were the common employments of these ruffians whom the glamour of ages has changed into "nobles"?

They built themselves strongholds on some height difficult of access, and from these robber-dens swooped down like plundering harpies on the hamlets and valleys below; and all for such noble purposes as laying harvests waste, burning houses, pillaging towns, stealing herds of cattle, seizing women to hold for ransom, or, worse still, to degrade and ruin.

Step into a castle hall where they are at dinner after a hunt. The windows that badly light it are narrow slits high up in the stone, to avoid the danger of outside attack. Of course there is no looking out of the window. The guests sit around a long board supported on cross-legged benches. They eat with their fingers, and throw the bones under the table into the straw that serves in place of a carpet. There the dogs growl and fight over the remnants of the meal. And when the profanity and obscenity and wine get so far advanced that the women can stand it no longer, they retire and leave the men to see who can drink the most before keeling under the table with the dogs.

I know this is not so romantic as fiction; but it has the merit of being a deal nearer the truth.

Let me ask you now to glance at a couple of contrasted etchings, outline sketches of the ways of making love, in the days of chivalry and now.

First: Now. Smith and Jones are neighbors, who have had a falling out about something, and do not speak to each other. But Smith has a son, and Jones a daughter, who, as sometimes will happen, care more for each other than they do for parental quarrels. But Jones *pater familias* is determined that young Smith shall not have his daughter. What shall they do? Of course after the usual ineffectual attempts to bring the refractory parents to reason, the ardent lovers find only one thing to do. Young Smith has not read the New York *Ledger* for nothing, and so he gets a ladder, and between it, Jones' chamber window, and the parson's, he discovers the road to matrimonial bliss.

Next, translate this simple affair into chivalry. Scene: The banks of the Rhine. Count Schmidt and Baron Von Joanes have their castles built on not far separate crags. Between the two houses there is an hereditary feud, and so

they never meet but it's the signal for battle. But young Count Schmidt has seen the beauty of old Baron Joanes' daughter, as she strolled in the neighborhood of the castle, and, having fallen deeply in love, by the help of bribed servants they have met, broken a ring between them and are betrothed. But the old Baron learning the facts forbids his daughter passing the walls. This reduces the young Count to extremities. And though he would spare the father for her sake, yet somehow he must get possession of the lady. So, one day, while the old Baron and his attendants are holding high wassail and revelry in the great hall,—which means, being interpreted, getting drunk and having a roystering time,—suddenly the gates of the castle are battered down, armed men rush in upon the drunken crew, the young Baroness is borne away in triumph. And old Jones—I mean, for I'd forgotten the translation, the old Baron—is carried captive and thrust down into the donjonkeep of Count Schmidt's castle, till he shall come to his reason, and submit to what he cannot help.

The only superiority that I can see in the latter picture is that it contains more chivalry, more castle, more murder, and more drunkenness than the other. And if you'll analyze it, you will find that it is of these materials very largely that the old romance is made. If our life is a little tamer, I confess I prefer it.

Passing now these hints of the "good old times" of our own childhood and the childhood of the world, let us come to the practical matter of which way we are moving, as indicated by a comparison of the recent centuries with the drift of the present time.

There are thousands who believe in progress in general, who are yet troubled with anxious forebodings by the over-turnings of any particular measure of reform. When the ploughshare of change comes along, breaking up and overturning the old ways, they see only the fair fields uprooted, the green-sward soiled, the flowers broken and buried. They do not think of its being the needful preparation for harvest until the harvest comes. They believe in social progress, but think all agitators are leading to anarchy. They believe in religious progress, but they hate all radical ideas in the church. They believe in political progress, but stick to old notions as if they were God-given and eternal.

Let us look at the question in the light of a few contrasted pictures of the "good old times" and the present.

I wish to touch a moment on our material civilization; for it is so plainly before our eyes that we are in danger of forgetting how new it is.

It only needs that we call up the images of the street lamp, the telegraph, and the steam engine, to figure to ourselves such an advance on the old as almost constitutes the creation of a new world. For our fathers, Boston and New York were farther apart than Boston and Liverpool are to-day. Then a war might be fought out and ended in Europe before we heard of the commencement of hostilities. To-day we discuss over our coffee what Gladstone and Bismarck said yesterday. And the old saddle-bag journey, the ox-team train of emigrants, or the swing and jolt of a stage-coach over a country road, contrasted with the luxurious glide of a cushioned Pullman, mark the difference in comfort as well as time. Without these helps it would have taken the country five hundred years to have made the advances of the last fifty. Indeed, an united republic, from ocean to ocean, would have been an impossibility. Glance at what our fathers thought about it.

When Boston was a small hamlet some of the more adventurous settlers wandered away off into the wilderness, as much as ten or twelve miles from the coast; and, having concluded to settle, petitioned the Colonial Fathers to build a road out to them. The wise councillors considered the matter, and rejected the request on the ground of the supposed *improbability of civilization ever extending so far west*. Only think of it! Civilization never extend so far as Brighton, now actually within the city limits. And to-day the Boston & Worcester R. R., which the wiseacres of a few years ago said could never be built, because the country was so hilly, has crept on, until, having crossed rivers and tracked pathless plains and climbed mountain summits, it mingles the scream of the engine with the roll of ocean at the feet of another city that is the metropolis of a civilization that forms the western link in a chain that belts the globe.

A man need not be very old to remember the time when there were "no railroads, no locomotives, no steamships, and no telegraph wires, no gas-lights, no petroleum, no California gold, no India-rubber shoes or coats, no percussion caps or

revolvers, no friction matches, no city aqueduct, no steam printing presses, no sewing machines, no reaping machines, no postage stamps or envelopes; or pens of steel or gold; when there was no homœopathy or hydropathy; no chloroform or teeth extracted without pain; no temperance societies; no saxhorns or cornets or seven octave pianos; no photographs; no paint-tubes for artists; no complete stenography; no lithography or etching on stone; no illustrated newspapers, and hardly a decent wood engraving; when omnibuses and street cars were not dreamed of; when dull street lamps lit with whale oil were a luxury; when there were no public schools, no special departments of science in colleges, no gymnasiums, no art unions, no literary or political clubs, no lyceum lectures, no wisely organized and widely operating philanthropic societies, no prison discipline, no good lunatic asylums, no houses of employment and reformation for young scamps,—and generally very little hope of reform in young or old scamps.

“In those days people drank green tea, and ate heavy suppers, and went to bed with warming-pans and night-caps, and slept on feather beds, with red curtains round them, and dreaded the fresh air in their rooms as much as sensible folks nowadays dread to be without it. If they heard a noise in the night, they got up and groped about in the dark, and procured a light with much difficulty with flint and steel and tinder-box, and unpleasant sulphur matches, and went to their medicine-chest and took calomel, and blue pills, and Peruvian bark, and salts and senna, and jalap and rhubarb. In those days the fine gentlemen tipped old Jamaica and bitters in the morning, and lawyers took their clients to the side-board for a dram, while the fine ladies lounged on sofas, reading Byron, and Moore, and Scott's Novels.”

And so far from wickedness keeping pace with and neutralizing our gladness in this material growth,—as so many prophets would have us believe—all these forces have gone forth as God's evangelists. Telegraph and steam are doing more to hasten such a mutual acquaintance and sense of brotherhood as shall enable the nations to say, “Our Father who art in Heaven,” than all other things combined. Telegraph and steam have enabled our higher civilization to hunt to their death most of the forms of human slavery and oppression. Telegraph and steam are doing more to-day to solve the

Indian problem and settle our Mormon troubles than all our preachers and diplomats together. And the discovery of gas has changed the municipal regulations, and lifted up the morals of whole cities. Crime calls for darkness, and so gas, in turning the dark alleys of the past into the glaring thoroughfares of the present, has almost incalculably lessened the amount of street villany. So he who imagines that wickedness is increasing, because our modern civilization brings the whole world to his view, cheats himself as one might who should suppose that the gas or the electric light creates what it only reveals.

TURGÉNIEF AS A POET.

BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

THE reader of Turgénief's novels, even in unsatisfactory English versions, must have been often struck with the lyric note which rings through them. It is especially manifest in his loving descriptions of Nature, but also in the melancholy, pathetic, poetic glamour which he throws around his favorite characters.

Among the latest productions of Turgénief's genius were his "Poems in Prose," or, as he himself modestly termed them, his "Senilia." One of them, dated May, 1878, is entitled, "*Paseshcheye*" (A Visitation), and is interesting for its sly humor and its unquestionably autobiographical bearing. It is as follows:—

"I was sitting at the open window . . . in the morning, the early morning of the young May.

"The dawn had not as yet begun to glow; but still wan, still cool, was the dark, mild night.

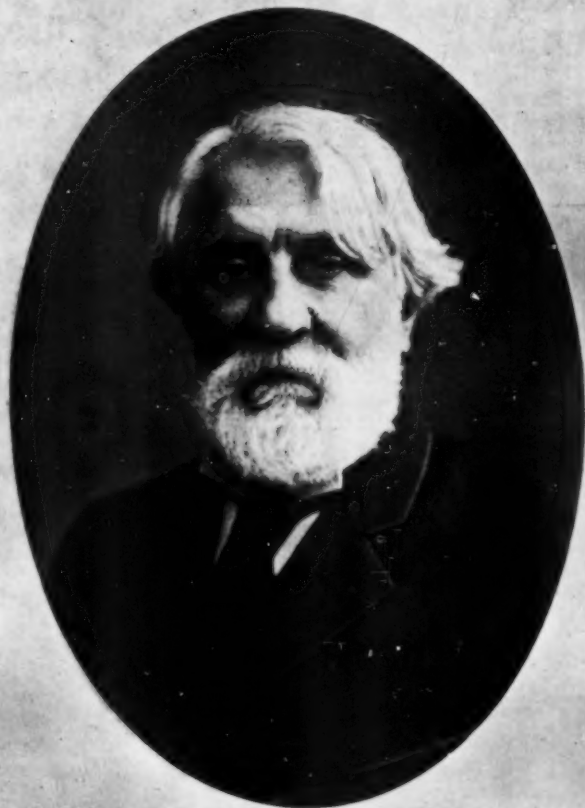
"The mist had not arisen, the breeze stirred not; all was colorless and calm. . . . But the nearness of the awakening was felt and the thin air was filled with the keen dampness of the dew.

"Suddenly, through my open window, with a musical murmur and rustling, flitted a big bird into my room.

"I was startled, I looked up. . . . But it was not a bird; it was a little woman with wings and clad in a long, close-fitting garment that flowed below her feet.

"She was all gray, the color of mother-of-pearl! But the inner side only of her pinions glowed with a delicate ruby hue shading into rose. A garland of May lilies was pressed upon the straggling curls of her round little head, and, like a butterfly's feelers, two peacock feathers were comically shaking over her lovely, bulging brow.

"Twice she flew around under the ceiling; her sweet little face was wreathed with smiles; her big, black, brilliant eyes also smiled.



W. B. Myer



"The jocund wantonness of her whimsical flight scattered their diamond rays.

"She held in her hand the long stem of a floweret of the steppe; — the Tsar's sceptre it is called by the Russian people — for, indeed, it is like a sceptre.

"Impetuously winging her flight above me, she touched my head with the flower.

"I sprang toward her; . . . but she had already darted out of the window, and sped away.

"In the garden, in the thicket of lilac-bushes, a young turtle-dove welcomed her with his first cooing and the milk-white heaven where she vanished, gleamed with a rosy flush.

"I knew thee, goddess Fancy; thou didst visit me by accident — thou didst fly away to young poets.

"Oh, Poesy! youth! womanly, virgin beauty. For one instant only could you flash before me — in the early morning of early spring!"

The satirical confession lurking in the above lines points to a phase of Turgénief's career, which, so far as I know, has not been remarked outside of Russia. He began his literary career as a poet, and the collected verses, published a few years ago in St. Petersburg, make a respectable volume of over two hundred pages, though it is not regularly included among the ten volumes of Turgénief's legitimate works. In his "Literary Recollections" he refers to these sins of his youth, with a sort of amusing self-patronizing touch of sarcasm: He says:—

"Early in 1837, while I was a student in the philological faculty, of the St. Petersburg University, I received from Piotr Aleksandrovitch Pletneyef, Professor of Russian Literature, an invitation to his Literary Receptions. Shortly before I had brought to him for his criticism, one of the first fruits of my Muse — as the expression ran in old times — a fantastic drama in iambic pentameters, entitled "Stenio." In one of his subsequent lectures, Piotr Aleksandrovitch, without mentioning my name, analyzed with his usual kindness, this utterly stupid piece of work, which displayed a mixture of childish incapacity and a slavish imitation of Byron's 'Manfred.' On coming out of the building and seeing me in the street, he called me to him, and gave me some fatherly advice, taking the occasion to remark, however, that there was something in me! These words emboldened me to carry to him several of my poems; he

selected two of them, and a year afterwards printed them in the 'Savremennik,' ('The Contemporary,') which he edited as Pushkin's successor. I do not remember the title of the second, but the first had for its subject 'The Old Oak,' and it began: —

'The forest's venerable Tsar, with curly head,
The ancient oak, bent o'er the water's sleeping smoothness.'

"This was the first thing of mine that ever appeared in print; of course, without my signature."

Turgénief here trusted to his memory, which was faulty. His first poem, published in the "Contemporary," in 1838 was entitled "Evening" (*Vetcher*), and the lines that he recalled begin the second and not the first stanza: the second poem was an address to the Venus de Melos, and begins: —

"Goddess of beauty, love, and of enjoyment."

Between this time and 1850, two or three dozen short poems, as well as several more ambitious works, appeared in various magazines. Turgénief, in the sort of preface, which serves "in place of an introduction" to his "Recollections," says: —

"About Easter, 1843, an event took place in Petersburg, which in itself, was of the very least importance, and has been long ago swallowed up in general oblivion. It was this: a short poem entitled "Parasha," by a certain T. L., was published. That T. L. (Turgénief-Lutivínof) was I; with this poem I began my literary career."

The famous critic, Byélinisky, whom Turgénief happened to meet on the very day that it was published, wrote a long and an enthusiastic review of it, which Turgénief says made him feel more ashamed than pleased. He also wrote him a playful letter from Moscow (which he calls in parenthesis "stupid city," though he had gone there to be married!), telling him that he had read it through ten times, and praising it for its delicate wit and artistic quality. Others congratulated him. Turgénief says: "I hastened to disown my child, declaring that I was not its father."

He took the little volume, which was bound in blue to his mother's estate at Spasskoye, but his mother—a stern, tyrannical old lady of the old school—received it with scorn

and indignation, and could see no sense in her son indulging in such eccentricities.

"One time," says her adopted daughter, in her strangely vivid⁸ and pathetic "Reminiscences," "one time, Ivan expressed the wish that he had Pushkin's talent.

"I cannot understand why the idea has possessed you to become a writer," exclaimed his mother. "Is it the proper thing for a noble? You yourself confess that you cannot be a Pushkin. . . . I can see some sense in writing poems, but to be a writer—writer and penny-a-liner are all one!—both scratch paper for money! A noble ought to serve the Tsar, adopt a career, and make a name in the army, and not scratch paper! And besides who reads Russian books? Really, accept my advice, Jean; go into the army, you will soon get rank—and then you can marry."

"Marry, *maman*," cried Ivan Turgénief, bursting into a laugh, "never! don't think of such a thing. Spasskoye church would sooner dance the *trepak* on its two crosses than I marry."

"Parásha," which strongly shows the combined influence of Byron and Pushkin and is a sort of reflection of "Don Juan," consists of sixty-nine thirteen-line stanzas, together with one short song, making a total of nine hundred and twenty-one lines. So far as form goes, it is wellnigh perfect; the verse moves with a stately harmonious rhythm; its fertility of single and double rhymes illustrates how well adapted Russian is for the expression of poetic form. There are some fine thoughts, a few gleams of wit, some beautiful descriptions, but it can hardly be called great. As it has never, so far as I know, been translated into any European language, a somewhat full synopsis of this story may be acceptable to the admirers of "the giant of the snows."

It begins with the typical expression of humility, the *chelobityé*, the phrase borrowed from the old Tartar rule of Russia.* For possible convenience of reference, I will number the stanzas translated.

I.

Reader, I humbly beat the forehead to you.* Look! before you a wide meadow, beyond the meadow, a little river and near the river a house, an ancient house, gloomy and black, painted by the parish painter . . . large, low with ugly roof

supported by a row of slender columns . . . (It had been) the witness of the frivolous life, the lazy idleness of two or three generations of proprietors. Back of the house a garden; in the garden stand long rows of apple trees, covered with fruit. . . . You know, our worthy fathers loved apples, likewise cucumbers.

II.

You can hardly distinguish between the garden and the orchard. In the garden, however, was a grotto (innocent device!) and every morning to this shady grotto (I am boldly drawing to the point) SHE, the object of my sighs and labors—the subject of my quite too froward verse,—used to repair, dressed in simple garb, and with a book in her rather sunburnt—but lovely little hands. . . . She would then sit down upon the bench—Do you remember Tatyana?—But I will not attempt to draw comparisons between her and others. I am afraid my readers will grow impatient, and will not read this story through.

III.

But who was SHE and who her father? Her father was an easy-going proprietor. In his youth he served for many years in the army. At last he withdrew to private life; and a substantial spouse he took; now he is a great man of affairs. He lives on good terms with his peasants. . . . He is very kind and very shrewd; he goes to market and sips tea with the merchants. Of course his spouse is a treasure! Oh! a genuine treasure! A woman of such sense! And yet she was a simple-minded woman, and her face was like a *pirog* (dough pie). But her husband loved her as well as was to be expected.

IV.

They had an only daughter. . . . We have already caught a glimpse of her. No one would call her a beauty—that is true; but indeed (her two brothers were dead of consumption), I never saw a maiden better built. She was slender, walked with light step. Her foot, her incomparable foot, was always shod with perfect fit. Her hand was rather large, but the fingers were slender and translucent. . . . And I, a somewhat misanthropic and peculiar fellow, when I looked at that hand, oftentimes I longed . . . I am talking too much, gentlemen.

VII.

She had grown up in the country, . . . but you, my reader, have doubtless heard that the girls of the country districts—alas!—are often extremely absurd. The injustice

of windy rumor I understand. But I confess with humility that you might sometimes laugh at the expense of my maiden of the steppe; at her emotion on Sunday, after breakfast, when guests arrive; at her silence and her sighs, and her timid trepidation. But even she sometimes lost her temper,—and could sting like a bee.

VIII.

I do not like gushing girls. . . . But in villages you often meet with them. I do not like their fat, pale faces. Some of them—God have mercy—are poetesses!—They go into ecstasies over everything: the songs of birds,—the sunrise, the sky, and the moon. . . . They are lovers of sugary verses, who like to sing, and shed tears. . . . And in spring they creep out stealthily to listen to the nightingale. They are all desperately enamored of Nature. . . . But my maiden was of a different type; she was full of raillery, she was proud,—but pride is a virtue, gentlemen!

IX.

She was an ardent reader, . . . and she was equally fond of Marlinsky and Pushkin (I confess to her failings); but she had not the habit of exclaiming, "*Akh!* how sweet this is!" No, she admired in silence. Does that seem ridiculous to you? You do not believe in Russian literature. No more do I have any faith in it; since with us it is very easy to gain a reputation. Russian verse, and Russian *kvas** enjoy one and the same fate:—in well-ordered houses poetry is not read, and *kvas* is not drunk. But I am grateful that there are such readers as my girl.

X.

For such I write! . . . But enough. Every day, as I told you, she wandered in the garden. She loved the haughty murmur and the shade of the ancient lindens, and she would gently give herself up to comfortable, dreamy languor. So gayly the birch trees shook their heads, bathed in effulgent light . . . and down her cheeks the tears would course so slowly! . . . God knows why. Then going to the wretched fence, she would stand for hours . . . and gaze her fill, but her eyes were always fixed upon the pale row of laburnum trees.

* *Kvas* is a drink made of stale rye bread allowed to soak in water until it ferments. After Madame Turgénief read the lines about *kvas* in her son's poem, she banished this homely drink from her mansion.

XI.

Yonder across the level meadow, five versts from their village the highway ran, and like a serpent it turned and twisted and the distant forest, stealthily bending round about, attracted all her soul unto itself. The earth, lighted by some marvellous gleam,—suddenly seemed strange to her . . . And someone in a gentle voice, wonderfully sang and prophesied about her, foretelling the mysterious woes to be fulfilled upon her. These tones, re-echoing, floated around her and died away. And now her eager eyes sought other skies—lofty, magnificent mountains. . . .

XII.

And poplars and rustling olives . . . it sought a captivating, and distant land.—Suddenly the melancholy changes of a Russian song remind her of her afflicted fatherland; she stands, bending her dear head and marvels at herself and with a smile, she chides herself; and then slowly saunters home, sighing. . . . Now she breaks a pliant twig, then quickly throws it away again; with heedless hand she takes up her book, opens it, shuts it again; whispers some favorite verse, and her heart is broken with sorrow, her face grows pale. . . . At this wondrous hour, I confess I should like to have met you.

XIII.

O my maiden! . . . In the dense shadows of the broad lindens you are standing speechless; you sigh; a branch bends down over your head. . . . And your heart is full of painful, melancholy calm. I gaze at you. You are instinct with the beauty of the steppe; you are the daughter of our Russia! you are lovely as the evening before a storm, as a sultry night of May!—But—perhaps—alas! I am again drawn away by recollection into minute description. I am tiresome, and so I am ready to continue my tale without superfluous words.

XIV.

My beauty was twenty years of age. (Someone may insist that oysters in April and girls at fifteen are in their bloom. . . . But I do not dispute with them about this matter; it is not necessary to quarrel about difference in tastes.) They called her Praskóvya; that name is not pretty, and so . . . I shall call her Parásha. . . . Autumn, winter, summer, they lived in the country, and they never went to Moscow because times were hard; each year their income fell off a little. And, moreover, Parásha (what a sin!) liked to make sport of Moscow!

XV.

Moscow! Moscow! O dear mother Moscow! — But indeed I dare not sing thy praises! I have lost my former right. . . . Thy sons are hot tempered, and my humble words might cause ill-feeling; might be even dangerous; and so, O *mátushka*! I beg thee to extend thy indulgence to young *Paráša*. — And if, my dear reader, soothed by the pleasantness of this tale, comforting sleep has closed both your eyes, wake up! Imagine that it is a day, a scorching day (I will put you in the shadow!).

XVI.

A scorching day — yet such not as I knew
 In distant Southern lands — a heat tormenting;
 The whole sky palpitates in cloudless blue,
 And like a man in fever unrelenting,
 The earth is parched and dry. The sea gleams, too,
 Upon the rocks with painful, dazzling splendor;
 It tosses restlessly — it sighs — is still,
 And countless blossoms, with a radiance tender,
 'Neath that inexorable sunlight fill.
 A wondrous sight — and lo! in hot sands hidden
 The fisher sleeps, and envy comes unbidden
 To every stranger seeing him; even I
 Used oft to take delight in him, and sigh.*

XVII.

With us it is different though even with us you do not like too great heat. . . . To be sure, as soon as the heat becomes intense, a shower is certain to come up in the distance; grasshoppers chirp mercilessly in the tall, dry grass; in the shadow of the sheaves lie the harvesters; the crows open their bills; there is an odor of mushrooms in the grove; here and there the dogs bark; the *muzhik* takes his jug and saunters down to the bushes after cool water. Then it is that I love to go to the grove of oaks and sit me down in the severe, calm shadow, or sometimes talk with the clever little peasant in his neat cottage.

XVIII.

On such a day *Paráša* to her shady grotto — (in regard to this look back) came slowly pacing; before her the familiar orchard, the familiar pond, and farther away beyond the ravine, the well-known forest on the little hill; . . . but now there seemed to her something rather strange: in the ravine under a bush sat a huntsman; . . . he was cutting bread with a pocket-knife; in every way it was evident he was a gentleman,

*The sixteenth stanza reproduces the rhythm of the original.

—a landed proprietor; he wore gloves and was handsomely attired. . . . Now he has finished his lunch; then he lazily called the dog, took off his hat, yawned, spread open the bush, flung himself down and . . . fell asleep.

XIX.

He fell asleep . . . Paráša looks at him and looks, I confess, with great attention; neighbors sometimes visited them; . . . but his face was unknown to her. We will not waste time now in describing him because I am speaking too much about trifles anyway . . . He sleeps and the breeze gently toys with his thick locks, and the leaves murmur above him. He sleeps sweetly; . . . Paráša gazes. . . . Indeed he is not ill-favored. But what is it that makes her suddenly smile so affectionately, so shrewdly? I would answer but it is not given to me to interpret a woman's smile!

XX.

And an hour passed and the afternoon sultriness suddenly began to diminish; . . . already the shadows were growing longer. . . . Here my huntsman woke up, got lazily to his knees, carelessly put on his hat, shook his head, . . . was about to get up, and remained where he was, for he saw Paráša—O friends!—He looked, looked, laughed in some confusion, leaped to his feet, glanced hastily at himself; then over the ravine he leaped boldly and easily. . . . Paráša grew pale, but he came to the fence and stood still, and with a polite smile took off his hat.

XXI.

There she stood, her face all aflame, and not lifting her eyes; strong and unevenly beat her heart within her. . . . "I beg of you,"—so he began and very calmly—"tell me what o'clock it is."—At first she was silent for a little space; then she replied: "Five," and then she glanced at him: but he not in the least altering asked: "Whose house is that?" Then very courteous begged pardon, God knows why, and again bowed; but he did not go. . . . He said that he was a neighbor, and that his late grandsire had been great friends with her father.

XXII.

And that he was very glad of such an unexpected meeting. Little by little and saying a score of times, "Excuse me," (We have wretched fences thank the Lord!) he leaped over the fence into the garden. His face was lighted by such a kindly

smile and his brown eyes shone so affably, that it seemed to her strange and ridiculous to be coy. . . . He told her some story, whereat at first her merry laugh rang forth, then it was quickly subdued. With delicate raillery he looked into her eyes; — then he took his leave, murmuring "*Comme ça!*"

XXIII.

And she looked after him. . . . He glanced suddenly around, shrugged his shoulders, and as though used to victories, smiled indifferently. And she was vexed; . . . a bell rang loudly from the house. . . . Tea is ready. . . . She gave her father a careless account of it when she went in. . . . He laughed tranquilly, told about the old life in the grandfather's time. . . . But the district assessor, a widower, a long time admirer of Paráša, grew very angry, and became as red as a crab, and remarked that their neighbor was a queer fellow.

XXIV.

But *I* should not call him a queer fellow, — however . . . we shall have time enough to speak about him; Paráša sat in silence at the window and leaning her head on her hand — we dare not hide the truth — she thought and thought constantly of him. The sky is tinged with ruby dyes; . . . over the weary grass arose a vapor; . . . suddenly motionless became the linden tops. Cooler grows the languid air; the forest darkens and the meadow revives. The evening breeze breathes so refreshingly, and the swallows circle so swiftly. . . . Red glows the cross on the church, and the river reflects so gorgeously the clouds.

XXV.

I like to sit by my window (while in my room the children are laughing and romping). When over the dark purple forest the horizon so brightly blazes . . . oh! at such times my heart is full of peace and goodness, I love and am loved. . . . But who can realize, who can tell what marvellous pain tormented my maiden's heart. . . . Even for one grown older, it is hard and cruel to recall the happiness of past days, those days when without the least compulsion love like a bird spreads her wings . . . and the soul is filled with passion and brightness. . . . But all this is past, past long ago.

XXVI.

Yes, you have passed and will ne'er return again. Ye hours of passionate, mysterious prayers, careless love and uncontrolled impulsive thoughts, youthfully glorious. All, all are gone. . . . Stubbornly the blood burns with dull fire, . . . and I recollect

how I used to ride on horseback at eventide: I gaze at the clouds and the wind like a fan blows gently in my face. I fill my lungs slowly and full of delight I ride, and I ride, pale and silent . . . But as for the rest who has never been a child and has not forgotten all that he once adored?

XXVII.

"He has promised to come," she murmured. . . . And though she desires to tear herself away, she is unable: Can it be that Paráša was in love? I think not. . . . I cannot vouch for it. . . . But now it was night; and the silence stole in like an importunate long kiss over all earthly things. . . . "Time to go to bed, neighbor," said the father, but the mother with an earnest smile, invites him to the morrow's dinner. Meantime Paráša went down into the dark mysterious garden and little by little fell into grievous melancholy. . . . But he? What about him? I will tell you. . . . He was not in love at all.

XXVIII.

Would you like to know what sort of a man he was? Very well; he was rich; he had served in the army. He had been nourished by the cleverness of others all his life. But he was shrewd and insinuating. Worn out, *blasé*, he directed his steps to foreign lands; with melancholy smile wandered everywhere, arrogant and dumb. But his derisive and facile mind brought back from abroad a whole swarm of useless words and a multitude of doubts, the results of keen and curious observations. He ridiculed everything; but he had become weary and had ceased to ridicule himself.

XXX.

But to our story. As I have already told you, he had now left the service. While he was in the army, he used to drive out, take his ease, dance, live fast, win money from his friends in good fellowship, and was, so it is said, very charming. He was polite, susceptible, but calm and proud, . . . and therefore he was loved; and he was unworthy of many women whom he deceived and deserted. He was gay—disconsolately gay; he made unmerciful sport at those who were odd; but in society he was not famed for cleverness, yet was a "distinguished personage."

XXXII.

He abused everything from tedium—so it was! . . . but he did not allow himself to give way to ill temper; that would have been too childish. I will tell you my witting tried to imi-

tate the demon; but the Russian demon is quite different from the German devil. The German devil is a melancholy crank, absurd and terrible; our national demon, our Russian demon is stout and simple; his appearance is peculiarly noble and what an aristocrat he is! Don't be surprised; my friend for this very reason was on terms of intimacy with more than one mighty lord and he worshipped in the dust, with his sarcastic face before the golden calf or ox!

XXXIII.

This is unpleasant to you . . . but my kind reader alas! I also like high life with its easy brilliancy and with absurd delight I find myself pleased with the haughty, cold welcome of all this tinkling and empty life. Still I can look without desire at this life for I am ready to be the first to make sport at the heat with which the unrecognized, tailless "lions and lionesses" indulge in false indignation at the society which they cannot attain. And more than all the whole fraternity of scribblers have made a chorus of condemnation upon "the luxury of society!" Just look at their consistency—But somehow I am very mild to-day!

XXXIV.

I like the long suites of luxurious rooms and the brilliancy and comfort of old-time magnificence. . . . And women . . . I like that long heedless and satiric glance; I like a simple and appropriate dress; I like the haughty curve of the lips; the thoughtful lifting of the brows; perfumed notes, hasty signatures; their fragrant and hasty love! I like the way they walk—their shoulders, their careless, enticing speeches. . . . If you have suspected, friends,—tell me whose portrait I have drawn here, unbeknown?*

XXXV.

"But," I shall be asked, "have you never met with a handsome woman out of society—" Such women I have occasionally met, I have even been very passionately in love with two; they are always like the sweet flower of the field, but like the wildflower they quickly lose their delicate fragrance . . . and good God! why should they not fade in the awkward paws of a self-satisfied official? But I confess and I confess with shame I am wandering again; and with delight I hasten, I hasten to my Paráša and here I find her in the parlor.

*This curiously corresponds to Madame Golovatchóva's account of Turgénief himself.

The first half of this queer rambling poem brings us thus far. The next seven stanzas describe her dress and her appearance as she sits at her embroidery frame, occasionally, in her nervous trepidation, pricking her dainty fingers, her indescribable eyes shaded by her long lashes, and how at last the young stranger comes, how he charms and captivates the old people to whose twice-told tales he listens respectfully at dinner, though he is conscious of Parášha's glance fixed on his hot cheeks, and how "in the blaze of holy and pure fire" kindled by her sudden love for him, he too feels his heart a little stirred. As the usual characteristic digression, there comes a shrewd analysis of the phenomenon of love. The poem continues.

XLIII.

But meantime night was coming on. . . . The clouds are heaped up along the horizon. . . . The atmosphere is full of soft vapor. . . . The lindens scarcely murmur; and the apple-trees, stretching their branches over the shadowed grass, lift themselves and sleep. Only occasionally a slight whisper hurries through the birch trees; yonder across the river the nightingale sings to himself. . . . And the long lispings, the ceaseless rustle of the dreaming steppes is heard. And into the room, like the sigh of the sleepless earth, timidly comes the fragrant breeze, and invites into the garden, and into the field and into the forest, under the eternal, holy heavens. . . .

XLIV.

I remember the ancient, gloomy garden, the peaceful pond, broad and still. . . . I remember how the little wavelets tremble on the shore in the shadow of the weeping willow; I remember how many years ago I myself strolled in that garden in the tall grass (all the paths were overgrown with grass); the twilight glowed marvellously red, the deep radiance spread from heaven to earth. . . . I wandered, pondered, lost in thought, weary—I dreamed about a woman such as never lived, and about a late and speechless walk. But all that is past and gone, O my God!"

The old father invites their guest into the garden, explaining that it is "rather simple, but large, with little walks, and flowering shrubs"; they hear the loud call of the rail-bird; they see the meadow whitening with mist, and the ridge of motionless clouds rising above them; a star gleams stealthily from behind the dark veil of the wide lindens, and hides itself

again. Viktor Alekséyitch and Parásha quickly lose sight of the old people — “oh, village cunningness” — but her demure face shows no sign! At first he is somewhat constrained, for he, who loved to play with his feelings like an artist, had hitherto seen only ball-room beauties, and to find himself suddenly alone with a provincial young lady in the garden seemed to him “scarcely more endurable than hell!”

But he gradually melts; the charm begins to work; he takes her hand, as though in jest, and says to himself: “Thank God, it will not be a bore for me to live in the country till autumn, and then . . . but I am excited, and seem to be in love, and under a spell.” The poem explains the reason of his so speedily yielding:—

XLIX.

In the first place, it was a beautiful night, a summer night, calm and still; the moon gave no light, although it came up; the river, in the mist, mysteriously gleaming, flowed in the distance. . . . The path led down to it; and the leaves in the tree-tops, an invisible throng, are whispering; now the two have descended into the hollow, and, as though driven away by their motion, the soft darkness yields before them. . . . He could not resist the enchantment,—he gave free course to his unfettered imagination and smiled peacefully and sighed. . . . And the fresh breeze kissed their eyes.

L.

And in the second place, Parásha does not keep silent. And she does not sigh with mawkish simpering; but she talks, and talks simply, and she moves on so gently, while the transparent shadow like *crêpe* tremulously embraces her tall form. . . . He recovers himself, and he is already glad that they are together alone. He began to talk . . . and her heart burns with an unknown, tormenting fire. . . . The odor of invisible bushes is borne to them, and, as if also torn by passion, far away, far away on the border of the steppe, sounds, sings, and mourns a nightingale!

The young man grew more and more pleased with Parásha, and no wonder: — “She was all blooming just as in spring the earth blooms passionately and idly under the warm, abundant dew.” He bends down, and “under his kiss her hand blushes slightly,” and as he feels in the darkness that Parásha is all of a tremble, he asks her — if they had better

not return home! "Viktor was no Don Juan," says the poem, and though he confessed the spell, he had vowed never again to fall idly in love. And so they return by the same long path by which they had come, and she gives her confidence to him,— "blushingly gave herself up to his proximity as a child dips its timid foot into a streamlet, clinging hopefully to the branch." After supper, where he has charmed them all by his easy conversation, and after he has whispered his meaning "*do svidanya*," the Russian *au revoir*, and given her a long glance, she retires to her room and sits by the window with her neckerchief loosened a little from her bosom, her golden hair falling about her fair pale face, a smile playing on her lips, and as she dreams of him, the narrator who seems to behold her, hears as it were a clear sounding, penetrating bell-tone and a voice singing. Then follows one of Turgénief's lyric gems beginning

The night is warm ; in the clean hives
The shining honeycombs expand.

How does the little drama end? She is in love with him, and imagines that he is in love with her and capable of appreciating her. Her "passionate and dreamy soul is filled with hope, filled with something that she could not name — about which she dared and yet dared not pray." "But," says the narrator, "methinks I hear Satan's laugh ; I see the demon. He hovers over the cathedral and gazes : his gloomy eye follows the pair scornfully and hark : far away the pine forest, torn by the wild storm, howls mournfully ; my soul trembles involuntarily ; it seems to me as though he looked not at them — all Russia lies spread out at that instant before his eyes like a field, and the flashes of heat-lightning gleam under the thunder clouds, his fiery eye-balls glow wrathfully and a terrible smile hovers long on the lips of the Lord of Evil."

The narrator says that he was long absent and meantime the young couple are married. When he returns, though they were both pleasant to him, it seemed to him that she was a little melancholy : "her life ran on, like a little brook, winding but flowing ; and so too of her husband — I have not told you all — he always loved her and esteemed her." The real tragedy of her life was in its disillusionment, the possibility that after all she had made the greatest mistake possible to a woman. The last four stanzas are as follows :—

LXVI.

"Good-by, Paráša! . . . 'tis time for rest. My pen impatiently hastens to the end. . . . What shall I say of her? Assure you no one calls her perfectly happy . . . she sighs sometimes . . . and in memory preserves perfectly the stupid blessing of innocence! I soon took leave of her . . . and perhaps I may see her yet again . . . I was sorry for her.

LXVII.

I was sorry for her . . . Perhaps if fate had led her another, another way. . . . But fate, as all know, is cruel and therefore acted sternly. As I remember her beloved eyes, I might, I should like to tell you why it was that in parting from Parasha my whole soul was tormented . . . but flashing on the silvery snow the sunbeams glitter; . . . the frost crackles. Long since we should have had fresh air, freedom. . . . And therefore I bow before a nation of readers. . . . I take off my night-cap respectfully . . . and express myself thus:—

LXVIII.

"My reader, farewell! whether my story has put you to sleep or made you laugh, I know not; but though I have here for the first time met you, I have no desire for a further acquaintance. . . . Simply because I respect you. I see my mistakes; they are many. But you are good-natured, I have heard, and, for God's sake, forgive me for my folly!" And you, my beloved friends, be not surprised: your handsome friend has suffered from unhappy passion from his earliest years. . . . He has written verses . . . I am ashamed! but such is the fact! I beg of you to forget this nonsense!—

LXIX.

But if any one reads through my slipshod tale and suddenly, in deep thought, drops his head involuntarily for one instant and expresses his thanks to me, I shall be satisfied. . . . Long ago, I stood upon a vessel's stern as we were sailing past a foreign town. I was alone upon the deck; the billow lifted us up and let us sink again. . . . And suddenly someone waved a signal to me from a window; who it was, when and where we had met, I cannot remember. . . . Quickly we hastened by—and in answer I, too, waved my hand, and the city softly vanished behind the mountain."

Such is the abrupt and strange ending of this queer and certainly somewhat incoherent narrative. It was written during the three years that Turgénief held an office in the

chancery of the minister of internal affairs. He was not a zealous official; he spent most of his time reading novels, writing poems, and telling stories.

His three other long narrative poems are less ambitious and less desultory. One entitled "*Razgavór*," "A Conversation," is a mystical dialogue between an old hermit and a "young man." Both have a story of disappointed love to tell; the old man has found consolation in silent service of God: but to the young man "God seems too far away, man too insignificant." In this poem we have once more the garden and the pond, and the whispering lindens, and the moon, and the song of the nightingale echoing across the steppe. The next, written in March, 1845, but not printed till the following year, originally contained six hundred and seventy-two lines, but one of the forty-two stanzas and a few lines also have probably been sacrificed by the red pencil of the censorship, which at that time was particularly prone to make itself ridiculous. It is entitled "*Pomyeshchik*," 'The Proprietor,' and is a sort of burlesque story of a most respectable, order-loving gentleman of the ancient nobility who "feared the devil, and his wife." The lady, having gone on a pilgrimage, the old gentleman exhausts his resources for killing time, by going to his barns, strolling down to his little river, gazing at the sunny wavelets, the clouds, the deep blue sky, chatting with his peasants, with his daughter's governess and, being at last simply bored to death, resolves to take advantage of his wife's absence to visit an old flame of his, a buxom widow — how buxom she is Turgénief ludicrously expresses by declaring that her billowy "bosom was a perfect ocean"! — living some fifteen versts distant. He sets out, but, owing to his Jehu's carelessness, is overturned, and before he has time fairly to pick himself up and brush the mud from his clothes, his "*chère amie*," appears, and suspecting the object of this surreptitious visit, carries him back home in disgrace. The story is enlivened with descriptions of the proprietor's dress, his private room, and especially by the country balls which his friend, the buxom widow, was in the habit of giving.

The third long poem is entitled "*Andréi*" (originally "Love"), and perhaps even more than the others is inspired by Byron's influence. It has over twelve hundred lines. Among the shorter poems, most of them printed in "The

Annals of the Fatherland," is one entitled "The Old Proprietor." It is the address of a childless and unhappy old man to his nephew "Ványa," to whom he leaves all of his useless treasures. The burden of his complaint is: "I have not been loved, I have not loved."

Curiously enough, there is something in these early poems of Turgénief that reminds one of the pastoral effusions of our own Bryant. I can best illustrate this resemblance by giving a metrical rendering of one or two, trying to preserve the original rhythm so far as possible. Here is one entitled:

AUTUMN.

I like the autumn, as a face that grieves:—
 When calm and cloudy is the day,
 Within the grove I often stray
 And gaze on skies' unchanging gray
 And at the pine tree dark and high.
 Tasting the bitter of the leaves,
 I love in indolence to lie,
 While smiling dreams about me play,
 And hear the wood sprite's piercing cry.
 The grass is withered:— cold and cheerless
 Across it slants the gloomy ray.
 And now my spirit bold and fearless
 I yield to melancholy's sway.
 What recollections rise before me!
 What glowing visions come and go!
 Like living things the pines bend o'er me
 And murmur solemnly and low.
 And, like a flock of viewless creatures,
 The wind swoops down on sudden wings,
 And in the dark and gnarled branches
 Its ever restless song it sings.

Another is entitled:

THE STORM HAS PASSED.

Low sweeping o'er the earth the storm has passed,
 I seek the garden; all around is still;
 Upon the linden tops soft mist is cast,
 And vivifying drops the foliage fill.
 Moist breezes through the branches creep;
 A heavy beetle flies amid the shadows;
 And like the indolent breath of those who sleep,
 Breathe fragrant vapors from the dusky meadows.
 Oh! what a night! Great golden stars are gleaming
 Upon the sky; the air is cool and clear,
 The raindrops from the flowers are gently streaming,
 As though each petal shed its favorite tear.

The lightning flashes — faint and far the peal
Of thunder rolls, its echoes faintly dying;
The wide pond darkles with a gleam like steel;
And there the mansion is before me lying.

The moon shines bright and shadows to and fro
Mysteriously haunt it. Here the gate
And here the stairway; — every step I know.
But thou — where art thou? What thy fate?

Say have the stubborn gods relented?
Hast thou amidst thy kin forgotten grief!
Hast thou then of thy former love repented?
And has thy bosom found a sure relief?

Or is thy soul within thee still tormented?
Is there no place where thou canst gain thy rest?
And dost thou live with heart still discontented
In thy long empty and deserted nest?

It is said, that once when Turgénief was travelling in Europe, he became engaged to the charming daughter of an English lord; but the engagement was broken on the shores of one of the Italian lakes, owing to a bit of personified realism on the poet's part. I don't know how true the story is, but he was of a susceptible nature. The following poem might have been written on some such occasion. It has no title: —

When I from thee was forced to part,
I will not hide the truth,—
I loved thee then with all my heart,
The fiery heart of youth.

But now we meet I am not glad.
Nothing have I to say.
Thy mournful glances deep and sad
I cannot bear to-day.

And all the words thy lips repeat
Breathe heavenly purity.
My God! things beautiful and sweet,
How strange they are to me!

Ah well! how much of life has passed
In all these lingering years!
How many joys too sweet to last!
How many bitter tears!

Turgénief's harp was only the three-stringed *balalaïka* of the steppe. He always touches the same chords. It is always the same aspect of Nature; the wind rustling through the linden tops; the passing shower with the heat-lightning flashing

far down on the horizon; the hurrying clouds turning to gold in the sunset; the moonlight streaming over the pond and throwing its motionless shadows over the ancient house,—“the gentleman’s nest” where the fair maiden waits and mourns. Yet no lines are wasted; every touch tells; and the reader sees the scene. His descriptive faculty joined with the exquisite lyric note that he knew so well how to use, appears throughout his novels. Read his wonderful pictures of Nature, especially that wonderful epilogue to the “Huntsman’s Recollections,” where the sunrise and the early morning and the evening and the night are painted with such loving touches, worthy of Gogol, though with more delicacy, with a firmer hand, with a deeper truth! How the scene lives and glows in the rich glory of the opulent, unstinted Russian tongue!

Turgénief instinctively reminds one of the Russian personification of the national peasant, “the mighty son of the soil, who drives the plough with its golden share through the rich black soil of the steppe, and sings as he goes.” We have studied him simply as a singer. He was more than that. He was a fighter and serfdom was his chosen foe: his Hannibal’s oath, as he himself said, was to fight it to the death. But it is also interesting to look upon him in the character that M. Anatole France attributes to him: — “*Un beau génie, plein de mirages, comme un monde vaste, solitaire, rempli de chants d’oiseaux, de fleurs, et de glaces.*”

A NEW BASIS OF CHURCH LIFE.

BY WILBUR LARREMORE.

MOST readers, who are old enough, will remember the storm of religious controversy which followed the publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species." It was considered that the whole structure of theology was assailed, and the orthodox world rose in its defence. Darwin himself never directly attacked theology. But, as the outcry against the new ideas grew louder and more bitter, some of the Scientists grew polemical. Professor Tyndall's "prayer-test," for instance, was proposed probably with a view of putting a quietus upon the supernatural claims of religion. The prevailing spirit on the ecclesiastical side was certainly short-sighted. There were notable exceptions, but, in the main, pulpit orators and denominational editors treated the evolutionists, not as conscientious seekers after truth, but as wanton destructionists.

Not only were the leaders of thought pilloried; too often wrathful denunciation was launched at young people, who, humble in spirit, as scientific studies always dispose one to be, were nevertheless beginning to feel the irresistible movement of the Zeit-Geist. For every young man who became "sceptical" because it was the fashion with his set, three others grew so because they could not help it. All the forces of sacred association and love of kindred combined to hold one loyal to the Creed and the Confession of Faith. Far from being a conceited iconoclast, the young agnostic worked out his own deliverance usually with fear and trembling, and often with tears. A favorite argument for the inviolable perpetuity of orthodoxy was the statement, that while "unbelief," or "scepticism," had constantly changed its face and shifted its ground, the Church had remained ever the same in its teachings. But the young investigator soon came to realize that the first of these propositions is misleading in the way it is put, and that the second of them is absolutely false. Undoubtedly "scepticism" has changed from time to time, but this is because the varying phases

assumed by dogma have necessitated different forms of denial. "Unbelief" is simply a negation of the unproved Marvellous. Nothing has been more confusing than the practice of speaking of infidelity, as if it were a positive system of thought or philosophy. To blame a man for "unbelief" is to assume that he can make himself believe anything he chooses.

The claim that church doctrines have remained the same, or even substantially the same, could easily be shown to be groundless. The constant process of slow modification is well described in Lowell's lines:—

"Say it is drift, not progress, none the less
With the old sextant of the fathers' creed,
We shape our courses by new-risen stars,
And, still lip-loyal to what once was truth,
Smuggle new meanings under ancient names,
Unconscious perverts of the Jesuit, Time."

Let us take a single example: Twenty-five years ago all the orthodox denominations, except the Episcopalians, taught that "conversion" was the centrally important religious phenomenon. The stages of the alleged supernatural transformation were even set down with pathological minuteness. How much do the younger preachers of to-day make of "conviction of sin," and the exuberant sense of forgiveness which used to be scheduled to follow it? We venture to say that rarely, except in provincial pulpits, or by elderly clergymen, is "conversion" nowadays treated as anything more than a deliberate, thoroughly natural adoption of an improved conduct of life. The two principal reasons for the extraordinary growth of Episcopalianism during the past twenty years among the more enlightened classes are, first, that it was not embarrassed by the superstition of miraculous "conversion"; and, second, that, although its nominal basis of faith bristles with unthinkable formulas, its practical policy has been catholic enough to retain in a common membership, such antipodes in religious philosophy as Dean Stanley and Dr. Pusey in England, and the Rev. Heber Newton and the Rev. Arthur Ritchie in New York.

The chorus of controversy long ago died away, not because Orthodoxy convinced the agnostics by its arguments, but partly because a silent revolution began to make substantial progress within the ranks of the nominal believers. Young communicants gradually came to realize that Christianity consists of two readily separable elements—speculative the-

ology and practical ethics. They learned to ignore the former, while clinging to the church as an organized institution for promoting the latter. A large percentage of our church membership now is made up of persons occupying this position, and their number increases each year. They revere the church for its history and associations; and they desire that it should be perpetuated as an engine for disseminating good influence. It would seem that the time is fast approaching when the theoretical basis of church life must be changed, not by merely pruning away the worst rhetorical excrescences, as the Presbyterian denomination has been endeavoring to do of late; but, by substituting for the whole dogmatic system of belief, a tangible code of ethics, founded upon the teachings of Jesus. The churches are daily becoming greater theoretical anomalies. The avowed basis of organization is always a set of allegations about supernatural matters, in which the communicants are supposed unanimously to believe. In point of fact scarcely anybody believes everything, and many believe scarcely anything.

It is inconceivable that supernatural theology should ever regain its former ascendancy. Literary culture and scientific training combine to convince us that the foundation of the system belongs to the myth-making stage of human development. We venture to say that very few churchmen accept the story of the Garden of Eden, and the temptation and fall of Adam, literally, as facts. The tale is obviously an allegorical myth. The writer has heard discourses in which, conceding that this episode is fabulous, it was nevertheless contended that it typified an actual moral crisis through which mankind had passed; and that therefore the whole super-structure of the miraculous "atonement" must stand. The difficulty with this position is twofold. First. Unless the teachings of science and history can be exactly reversed, mankind were not originally holy; they were originally evil, and slowly grew better. Moral ideas were a comparatively late development. Man in the primitive state is doubtless free from the artificial vices of cities; but murder is his every day business or diversion. He has little more sense of the wrong of theft or adultery than the beasts of the forest. Secondly. The supernatural features of the scheme of the Atonement are themselves fully as crude, and obviously as man-made, as the doctrine of The Fall. The Atonement represents a compact between two practically distinct

gods. The elder god is angry, just as if he were Zeus or Wodan, and must be appeased, and the younger god offers himself as a sacrifice. It is difficult to perceive how any student of literature can examine the story of the Atonement, without recognizing in it a product of the universal, mythological faculty. The idea of vicarious propitiation through a slain offering is something common to all systems of mythology. When the human mind attempts to form a conception of God, the result is invariably one form or other of what Matthew Arnold terms "the magnified and non-natural man." The Hebrews certainly had the truest thought about God of any people of antiquity. They came the nearest to looking upon Him as a Being unknowable by mortal intellect. But the dogmatizing about the alleged attributes of God, which sprang up later, is essentially paganistic. The different "attributes" are precisely analogous to the diverse gods of Olympus, being human traits indefinitely magnified, though not separately personified.* Similarly, the division of the entity of God into the three members of the Godhead, and all the co-relations and consequences flowing therefrom, including the scheme of the "Atonement," exhibit but another phase of the same Paganistic creativeness.† In a very practical sense Jesus Christ came to save men from their sins, by giving them an example and an inspiration towards righteousness. But it would subtract not the least real power or beauty from Christianity, to free it from mythological symbolism.

A large class of thoughtful church-goers, who substantially agree with what has been said, nevertheless argue that, as much good is actually accomplished under the present system, it is better to let well enough alone. They contend that any unsettlement of the belief of the masses in marvels and miracles, will be accompanied by the lowering of moral standards. They further point to the fact that there is always some sort of slow progress within the church. When a tenet becomes too palpably monstrous to stand before

* "We have not to attempt the impossible problem of reconciling infinite benevolence and justice with infinite power in the Creator of such a world as this. The attempt to do so not only involves absolute contradiction in an intellectual point of view, but exhibits to excess the revolting spectacle of a Jesuitical defence of moral enormities."—*Essay on Theism*, by John Stuart Mill.

† The existence of the devil, and the role he plays, according to the theological conception, of course add to its polytheistic character.

increasing general enlightenment, either its presence is ignored or, occasionally, it is actually expunged from the Creed. The revolting doctrine of eternal punishment, for example, is gradually being shelved by most denominations. Dogmatic theology was consigning such a large proportion of the world's choice spirits to perdition, that, not only did hell lose its terrors, but heaven began to grow undesirable. The doctrine of Probation after Death has accordingly been rehabilitated by many Protestants, as an ecclesiastical compromise with the spirit of the age.

It must be conceded that there is plausibility, and considerable force, in the appeal of the conservatives to trust to gradual drift, instead of agitating for deliberate reform. But, on the other hand, it is very clear that the church to-day does not put forth half the power it could exercise in all communities as an organization for tangible good, if it were freed from the incubus of theology. Consider first, the notorious insufficiency of young men of ability, who are entering the ministry. Fifty years ago a large proportion of the cleverest college graduates became clergymen. To men of philanthropic heart, who possess oratorical power, the position of a Christian minister ought to offer greater attractions than it ever has heretofore. But before a young man can begin to preach Christ, and seek to embody his influence in human lives, he must sign an assent to "Original Sin," "Predestination," "the Vicarious Atonement," "Justification by faith"; a long list of theological figments, which in reality, mean nothing, but which the ordaining Council, whatever may be its name, holds to be vital. We say that these formulas are meaningless, because confessedly they are to be believed without being understood. This is simply a contradiction in terms. You may accord passive sufferance to what you do not understand, but, in no possible sense of the word, can you be said to *believe* it. A man aspiring to the ministry may not, like a private communicant, ignore speculative theology. The clergyman is justly looked upon as an exemplar of what his church stands for and teaches. He must, personally, profess to hold, and be prepared to defend all its mystical doctrines. No wonder thinking men shrink from the task!

In addition to the Church's loss in being deprived of able leaders, the children of older members are repelled in large numbers. Probably every reader will be able to call up a

number of acquaintances, who are avowedly agnostics, yet are not only Christ-like in the sterling traits of character, but exhibit the delicate flowers of the Christian graces. Not only are they honest, and truthful, and just; they are merciful to mankind and beasts, generous to their friends, and charitable to their enemies, and philanthropic lovers of humanity. They have assimilated the vital genius of Christianity; yet, unless they can practice silent dissimulation, they are debarred from membership in an organization bearing Christ's name, to its and their great loss. And this is not all. It is in no spirit of cavil that we say that the churches run after rich men, and men of powerful influence, rather than men of humility and Christ-like character. Churches used to be schools of earnest conscientiousness; they have degenerated into enjoyable "Sunday clubs." Churches formerly were in the habit of disciplining members for grave immorality of any kind. Has any notable offender been called before the bar of any church in the city of New York, during the past ten years? Clergymen keep on preaching supernaturalism, and evince no aggressive moral stamina, either in the pulpit or out of it. We have even seen ministers of religion meeting together, to throw the adventitious effect of their influence in favor of the election to public office of candidates whose previous career would make appropriate such treatment as Jesus accorded to the money-changers in the Temple. It is not undesirable that the Church should become a social centre, and a reservoir of influence upon every department of life. But, it should just as certainly be the natural corrector of purse-proud snobbishness, and never suffer itself to become a courtier in the train of vulgar, material success. The callous indifference to essential morality is mainly attributable to the large place given to the exposition of theology. This distracts attention from the Church's real function and affords a convenient cloak for hypocrisy of all kinds. Intelligent hearers find it impossible to take theological essays seriously, and when the preacher throws in a few practical, didactic hints at the close, they fall dead upon minds that have long before pronounced the discourse perfunctory.

The adoption of formulas of practical ethics as the constitutional basis of the church, would not tend to obscure the spiritual source of being. The fool has said in his heart there

is no God. There are few whose souls are so densely husked in flesh, that faint inklings do not occasionally glimmer through, with torturing suggestiveness of what seems a life transcending thought and sense. Our intimations of immortality are by no means to be drawn solely from recollections of childhood. Wordsworth's wonderful Ode remains to this day, one of the strongest arguments for a belief in pre-existence and the eternal vitality of the soul. But Emerson's "Over Soul" contains fully as remarkable intimations of immortality, derived from the psychological observation of a mature man. All of us recognize, to some extent at least, in the spiritual revelations of the "Over Soul," experiences of our own subjective life. We feel intuitively that spiritual truths and laws exist, just as we know intuitively that there is a God. What if we do spend our lives in striving to drink from the Tantalus cup; trying vainly to probe the "Open Secret?" It has been the lot of the thinkers of all ages, to work their way up by various paths to the impenetrable veil of the mystery of life; and then, either to become insane, or to lapse into morbid cynicism, or, most happily, to turn back and find some diverting and useful task in the practical world. We can never know God, or form any realization of spiritual life, while in the flesh, but the momentary glimpses are among man's most priceless gifts. They stimulate and keep alive the spiritual yearning; they make it impossible for one, baffled and discouraged as he may be in his search after truth, to become a materialist.

This, however, is a domain in which no wise man would assume to dogmatize; still less would he attempt to make a common emotional or spiritual experience, part of the test of fellowship in an organization of men, and part of the theoretical basis of the organization itself. Yet this is precisely what the Calvinistic sects have done with the alleged phenomenon of "conversion." They added to an intellectual acceptance of supernatural dogmas, the necessity of being "born again," using the phrase as if it stood for a scientifically uniform process.

Critical discrimination must be exercised in preparing a summary of ethical teachings to serve as the constitution of a live church. The writer once heard a celebrated champion of Calvinistic orthodoxy preach on the text, "One thing thou lackest; go thy way, sell whatever thou hast, and give to

the poor." The sermon was a labored attempt to prove that Christ did not mean what he said. Christ was liberal minded; therefore, he could not have intended that a man should strip himself of all his possessions, for that would have made him unnecessarily uncomfortable. Money had its legitimate uses, as well as its abuses. Wealth sufficient to procure the refinements, even the luxuries of life, if their possessor did not "set his heart on them," was not comprehended in Christ's injunction. The preacher gradually drew a picture of the most fascinating Epicureanism, from which no human aspiration or delight was excluded, provided moderation, which was treated as the cardinal Christian virtue, was observed in its indulgence. The sermon impugned not only that single utterance of Christ, but the whole trend of his teachings on the subject. The founder of Christianity was, beyond doubt, ever filled with high-souled serenity, outwardly not uncheerful, and never misanthropic; but, at the same time, he was sad with the burden of thought, and in earnest about his great mission to such a degree that, among all his reported conversations, not one word of pleasantry or playful friendliness escaped him. In every possible way, both by precept and by example, he inculcated mortification of the physical and sensuous natures, and a monastic asceticism. The learned divine, in advocating a temperate Epicureanism, was preaching the wisest and best philosophy of practical life; but his attempt to find warrant for it, either in the letter or the spirit of the gospels, was a total failure.

Jesus unquestionably taught the doctrine of non-resistance to evil, which the Quakers have implicitly adopted. Taking Christ's commands, "Resist not evil," and "Judge not," as a basis, Count Tolstoi argues that his followers must not employ or countenance the police; must not enlist in the army or belong to the militia; must not officiate as magistrate, or sheriff, or serve on juries. The author of "My Religion" fortifies this seemingly extreme position by reasoning which is unanswerable, if we grant but the premises that Christ was an infallible guide for all time, and that he meant what he said. Christ's theory in preaching non-resistance was that the better self of the assailant would be aroused by meekness on the part of the victim. The sufferings the latter might undergo did not in the least signify; he ought to be willing to make any personal sacri-

fice, in order to bring up a fellow soul to the level of right living. When man has attained a certain grade of civilization, this philosophy of Christ is not only very potent; it is the most potent social force the world has known. In the barbarous stages of development, on the other hand, it counts for next to nothing. The savage would look upon a Christian, who offered no defence to the efforts to scalp him, only as so much the easier prey. Even in the civilized state a doctrine of perpetual non-resistance may become pernicious. It is commendable in a man to turn the other cheek once or twice; to return good for evil, to such an extent, at least, as to ascertain whether Christian treatment awakens any response in the heart of the man who has done the wrong. But if the latter should go on indefinitely, taking each Christian concession as an evidence of craven timidity, it would soon become the Christian's duty to withhold the opportunity for future unfair advantage. The policy of returning good for evil, if further pursued, would result only in harm to both parties. A similar rule should be applied in dealing with hardened criminals. There is a class made up of hereditary criminals and "black sheep," that occupies practically the same relation to society as untamed savages. Experience has shown that no latent Christian humanity exists in them, and, in dealing with them only a short-sighted fanaticism would consider the admonitions "resist not evil," and "judge not."

The difficulty with the Quakers, with Count Tolstoï and with the orthodox divines who preach implicit obedience to and imitation of Christ, which personally they never attempt to practice, arises from the supposed necessity of making a fetich of Christ's memory.* His biography is thus robbed of

*In many quarters there is still preserved a similar idolatry of the Bible. Surely the so-called canonical books should be submitted to many expurgations, before being put into the hands of Sunday-school children. Even among orthodox scholars there is a growing disposition to regard the Song of Solomon as nothing more than an erotic poem. The symbolical meaning which used to be attached to it, was exceedingly far-fetched. There are, however, various passages scattered through the Old Testament, which are as much worse than anything in the Song of Solomon, as Zola is worse than Swinburne. Certainly episodes of bestial depravity should not be impliedly commended to impressionable young minds under the apparent sanction of religion. To an extent this is the effect of teaching that the Bible in its present form is a work of miraculous inspiration, not amenable to ordinary criticism. However men may differ in their definitions of "inspiration," and, whether the Scriptures be deemed supernatural or natural in their origin, there is undoubtedly required in the interests of decency, an expurgated Bible for use in the instruction of the young.

all human interest; and, under such circumstances, no tangible help can be derived from his example. Devout common sense must gradually come to look upon Christ as a philanthropic teacher who, like every enthusiast who ever taught, went to an Utopian extreme of his own philosophy. Every great agitation for the betterment of the world has been led by men, who beheld their own mission with such absorbing intensity, that they could see little else. It is no reproach to Christ to say that he had the typical reformer's temperament; that his precepts cannot be literally accepted, as a complete philosophy of life; and that men are to analyze them, reverently, but, at the same time, in the spirit of ordinary, truth-seeking criticism. We have said that clergymen do not attempt to practice the extreme Christian ideal of life which they preach. If they did, they would be obliged to cease gratifying æsthetic and sensuous tastes and to consistently treat this life with all its pleasures, ambitions and possible accomplishments, as something worthy only of contempt. This is how the Master treated it, and he never once faltered in his self-imposed martyrdom. There is little danger that ministers or laymen will ever seriously set out to copy this ascetic model of existence; it is not desirable that they should.

But the church has, nevertheless, a great place to fill in modern life. It should be reorganized to make it as real as possible. Theology makes it unreal. The whole dogmatic system is as powerless to touch the heart of the rising generation as Greek Paganism, or Norse Mythology, to both of which, indeed, it bears a class resemblance. The constant holding up of Christ's extreme theories of conduct tends to make the church unreal. Common sense and enlightened culture teach that our Caucasian civilization would never have been developed if the principle of non-resistance had been implicitly followed. Our civilization, moreover, requires now for its preservation, many elements of æsthetic beauty, as well as protecting force, upon which Christ would have frowned. But, if we could put away all the unrealities in church life, behind which hypocrisy, and indolence, and cynical selfishness skulk, the vital spirit which revolutionized the world would become active. For its theoretical foundation the church should first restate, in the language of to-day, the cardinal principles of virtue, which all religions and all ethical philosophers have inculcated. Socrates advocated

temperance, chastity, honesty, and truthfulness, before Christ was born. But Christ went further and preached above all thing, self-abnegation; the love of our neighbor more than self; the passion for helping and saving other men at the expense of self. This altruistic instinct is Christianity's essence. Within the limits of civilized society, and restrained by sober reason from all tendency towards fanatical extremes, the love of one's neighbor more than one's self has proved the most effective moral power ever revealed. This sentiment, moreover, if really active in the human heart, brings the highest attainable happiness to the individual. Let the church preach Christian altruism in every practicable form. Let it endeavor to infuse into social life a Christ-like love of the brethren, to drive out the petty competitions and rancorous jealousies which now abound. Let the church become the fountain-head of charitable works, the centre of charity organization. Let it stand for refinement of intellectual and artistic taste, and for unpretentious kindness of heart. Let it teach every man to feel that he is in some sense his brother's keeper, either to supply his physical necessities, or to minister to his character by an affectionate interest in him, that never grows intrusive, or patronizing. On moral questions it is essential that the church have stern convictions, from which it cannot be bought off by money, worldly fame, or social prestige. The time is ripe for church-reorganization on the basis of Christ's ethical teachings. An internal change of this character has to an extent already taken place. Whatever life there is in the church to-day is due to the virtual ignoring of creeds, and the embracing of the opportunities for practical good the institution offers, in spite of its unrealities. But the gain in numbers, in influence, and in power would be beyond estimate if the real basis of church life could be made its avowed basis.

FIDDLING HIS WAY TO FAME.

BY WILLIAM ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

WE had fallen in with a party of Alabama boys, and all having the same end in view,—a good time,—we joined forces and pitched our tents on the bank of the Clinch, the prettiest stream in Tennessee, and set about enjoying ourselves after our own approved fashion.

Even the important looking gentleman, sitting over against a crag where he had dozed and smoked for a full hour, forgot, for the nonce, that he was other than wit and wag for the company; the jolly good fellow he, the free man (once more), and the huntsman.

Our division had followed the hounds since sun-up: the remainder of the company were still out upon the river with rod and line. The sun was about ready to drop behind Lone Mountain, that solitary peak, of nobody knows precisely what, that keeps a kind of solemn guard upon the wayward little current singing at its base. Supper was ready; the odor of coffee, mingled with a no less agreeable aroma of broiling bacon, and corn cake, was deliciously tantalizing to a set of weary hunters. But we were to wait for the boys, that was one of our rules, always observed. The sun set, and twilight came on with that subtle light that is half gloom, half grandeur, and mingled, or tried to, with the red glare of the camp fire.

While we sat there, dozing and waiting, there was a break in the brush below the bluff upon which we were camped. "A deer!" One of the boys reached for his rifle, just as a tall, gaunt figure appeared above the bluff, catching as he came at the sassafras and hazel bushes, pulling himself up until he stood among us a very Saul in height, and a Goliath, to all seeming, in strength.

He took in the camp, the fire, and the group at a glance. But the figure over against the crag caught his best attention. There was a kind of telegraphic recognition of some description, for the giant smiled and nodded.

"Howdye —" he said : and our jolly comrade took his pipe from between his lips and returned the salutation in precisely the same tone in which it was given.

"Howdye ; be you-uns a-travelin' ?"

The giant nodded, and passed on, and the figure of our comrade dropped back against the crag, and returned to his pipe. But a smile played about his lips, as if some very tender recollection had been stirred by the passing of the gaunt stranger.

It was one of the Alabama boys who broke the silence that had fallen upon us. He had observed the sympathetic recognition that had passed between the two men, and had noted the naturalness with which the "dialect" had been returned.

"I'll wager my portion of the supper," he said, "that he is a Tennessean, from the hill country." He pointed in the direction taken by the stranger. He missed, however, the warning — "Sh !" from the Tennessee side.

"A Tennessee mountaineer —" he went on. "His speech bewrayeth him."

Then one of our boys spoke right out.

"Look out !" he said, "the Governor is from the hill country too."

The silence was embarrassing, until the figure over against the crag took the pipe from between his lips, and struck the bowl upon his palm gently, the smile still lingering about his mouth.

"Yes," he said, "I was born among the hills of Tennessee. 'The Barrens,' geologists call it ; the poets name it 'Land of the Sky.' My heart can find for it no holier name than — home."

The Governor leaned back against the crag. We knew the man, and wondered as to the humor that was upon him. Politician, wit, comrade, gentleman ; as each we knew him. But as native, mountaineer, ah ! he was a stranger to us in that role.

He had "stumped the state" twice as candidate, once as elector. His strange, half humorous, half pathetic oratory was familiar in every country from the mountains to the Mississippi. But the native ; — we almost held our breath while the transformation took place. And the governor-orator became the mountaineer.

"I war born," he said, "on the banks o' the Wataugy, in the county uv Cartir, — in a cabin whose winders opened ter

the East, an' to'des the sunrise. That war my ole mother's notion an' bekase it *war* her notion it war allus right ter me. Fur she war not one given ter wrong ideas.

"I war her favorite chil' uv the seven God give. My cheer sot nighest her'n. The yaller yarn that slipped her shiny needles first slipped from hank ter ball acrost my sunburnt wrists. The mug uv goldish cream war allus at *my* plate; the cl'arest bit uv honey-comb, laid crost the biggis' plug uv pie, war allus set fur me. The bit o' extry sweetnin' never missed my ole blue chany cup.

"An' summer days when fiel' work war a-foot, a bottle full o' fraish new buttermilk war allus tucked away amongst the corn pones in my dinner pail.

"An' when I tuk ter books, an' readin' uv the papers, an' the ole man riz up ag'inst it, bekase I war more favored ter the book nor ter the plow, then my old mount'n mammy, ez allus stood twixt me an' wrath, she riz up too, an' bargained with the ole man fur two hours uv my time. This war the bargain struck. From twelve er'clock until the sun marked two upon the kitchen doorstep I war free.

"Ever' day fur this much I war free. An' in my stid, whilst I lay under the hoss apple tree an' figgered out my book stuff, *she* followed that ole plow up an' down the en'less furrers acrost that hot ontrodd'n fiel' — in my stid.

"I've travelled some sence then, plowed many a furrer in the fiel' o' this worl's troubles, an' I hev foun' ez ther' be few ez keers tur tek the plow whilst I lay by ter rest.

"An' when the work war done, an' harvest in, I tuk ter runnin' down o' nights ter hear the boys discuss the questions o' the day at Jube Turner's store over ter the settlemint.

"T war then the ole man sot his foot down.

"'It hev ter stop!' he said. 'The boy air comin' ter no good.'

"Then my ole mammy riz agin, ez sot down ez detarmint ez him; an' sez she: —

"'He be a man, Josiah, an' growin' ter be one mighty fast. An' he hev the hankerin's uv a man. The time hev come fur me ter speak. The boy must hev his l'arnin'-books his min' calls fur. He aims ter mix with men; an' you an' me, ole man, must stand aside, an' fit him fur the wrastle ez be boun' ter come. Hit air bespoke fur him, an' ther' be'n't no sense in henderin' sech ez be bespoke beforehan'.'

"She kerried, an' I went ter school. The house air standin' now — a cabin in the valley, nigh the banks o' the Wataugy. I tuk ter books they said, like beans ter corn-stalks. An' winter nights I'd pile the pine knots on the fire, to light me ter the secrets uv them blue an' yaller kivers.

"An' she'd set by an' holp me with her presence, my ole mount'n mother would. She even holped to gether up the pine knots when the days war over short. She holped me *ever* way. Her heart riched down ter mine an' l'arned its needs, an' holped ter satisfy them. She flung the rocks out uv my way, openin' up the path before — the path her partial eye had sighted, every inch uv it.

"She saved the butter an' trudged offerter the settlemint ter sell it, so's I could hev a daily paper, when she see ez I war hankerin' fur it.

"An' when it kem, I'd set ther' on a kaig an' read it ter the mount'n boys, an' Jube, they-uns flocked ter me like crows flockin' ter a corn-field, an' me it war, a mount'n stripplin', ez dealt the word o' politics ter they-uns.

"But somethin' worrit me: a hitch war in my l'arnin'. Still, the ole man in the cabin begin ter grow more easy like an' teek ter readin' an' war not ill-pleased ter git the news. An' he fretted sometimes ef I tarried ter the store, bekase he war a-waitin' fur the news. But I war troubled; and that eye ez war allus open ter my ailments see that I war worrit. An' one day when I kem down the road, she met me, my ole mammy, an' she put her hand onter my arm, an' walked along o' me. An' sez she:—

"'What air it, Robert, ez be a-troublin' uv ye, son? I be yer mammy, an' ez sech yer frien', an' I aims ter know yer ailments.'

"An' I tuk that tremblin' hand close inter mine, an' I spoke my min', my feelin's, freely.

"'I be worrit, sez I, 'becase I be onable ter make out ef I be right or no.'

"'In politics?' sez she.

"'Yaas,' sez I, 'in politics. I git but one side o' the matter, an' I know ez ther' be two. An' I be n't satisfied with this side, an' still I be onable ter make out the tother!'

"She onriddled me at onc't.'

"'You-uns must hev the other paper, son,' sez she. 'Your granddad war a politician under Clay; an' ther' war two

sides then, an' ther' air boun' ter be two now, although the word uv it may not retch the Wataugy.'

"I never will fuggit the first day that it kem, that Dimercratic paper. I went ter the settlemint, I knowed the paper war a comin, an' I guessed what it would be; a coal o' fire ter that Republican stronghold.

"I tuk my fiddle down; it war my mother's thought.

"'Play 'em Sally Gal,' sez she, 'afore the mail comes.'

"I done it; an' they-uns war toler'ble frien'ly; fur the mount'n boys allus hev a weakness fur a fiddle an' a mount'n fiddler.

"But when the mail war opened—Laud! how they swore an' tuk on. Some laffed; a mighty few though, an' some winked ter one ernother. Some cussed outright an' all war thunderstruck. Ez fur me, I went out ter it, an' it kem in ter me. I war a Dimercrat from that good day.

"I tuk it home; the ole man list'ned, countin' it a mighty joke ter hear me an' brother David argerfyin' 'bout the two sides, an' some times he'd say which beat in argerfyin', but he mostly allus went with Alf. Bimeby Alf tuk the Republican paper, ez my time give out, an' we-uns went tergether ter the settlemint; an' we'd mount a kaig, him on one, and me on t' other, and we'd give the news ter both sides, him an' me. Some few sided long o' me, but most war tuk to Alf. An' so it war onderstood ez I war Dimercrat, and Alf Republican.

"It tickled the ole man mightly. He useter call in the Wataugy boys ter hear us argerfy o' nights, and they-uns sot in jedgmint ez ter which uv we-uns war the best at sech. Alf allus got the vote, an' one night I riz up; fur I war mad some, an' I give the word ez how a Dimercrat would never stan' no chance o' justice in sech a onfair destrict. They-uns laffed, but ther was one ez sot her face against sech. 'A house set against itself air boun' ter come ter bad luck,' my ole mammy said.

"One day ther' war a meetin' ter the settlemint, a political meetin', an' Jube war buckin' up the boys right peart, an' war about ter sweep off everthing. I moved about a bit among they-uns, an' after a little the word war giv ez ther' war a split.

"Then kem a row, an' Jube he druv the Dimercrats out 'n o' his store, an' they held the'r meetin' in the blacksmith's

shop. An' I war goin' out along o' they-uns, an' Jube see me; an' he sez, sez he:—

“‘Come back here, Bob, an' vote your good ole daddy's principles.' Fur Jube war boss o' that ther' district. But I war mad, an' I sez, sez I:

“‘I aims ter vote my own principles,” sez I, “an' they be Dimercrat.”

“An' when that day war over, ole Si Ridley he rid over ter we-uns cabin on the Wataugy an' give the word as I war nominated ter the Legislatur aginst big Judge Griggsby, the rankest Republican ter all that county.

“Then the ole man riz up in real dead earnest. He named me fur a fool an' a upstart, an' let on ez how he never 'lowed that playful argerfyin' o' Alf an' me would ever be tuk fur more'n a little playful talk.

He swore he'd thrash the heresy out o' me. Then my ole mammy, she riz up.

“‘Nary lick, Josiah,’ sez she. ‘He hev the right ter choose, an' he hev done it.’

“Then he give the word ez he'd vote aginst me same's he would any other blamed Dimercrat. He kept his word. On the day uv election him an' the boys went over ter Jube's ter vote.

“Folks showed considerable interest, a-lowing ez blood war more stronger nor politics, an' that the ole man would come over ter me in the eend.

“But he didn't; he jest voted clean an' open fur Griggsby, an' I 'lowed the boys would foller his lead. But when Obadiah, my oldest brother, stepped up an' drapped in a vote fur me, I cl'ar furgot myse'f, an' I jest flung up my hat an' shouted, ‘Count one fur the Dimercrat.’

“The ole man war pow'ful mad. But when Alf an' Ike an' Hugh voted with him, it kinder eased him some. But when Sim an' Lucius cast lots with me, I yelled agin.

“‘Hooray fur Democracy!’ sez I. An' the ole man he jest lifted up his ridin' switch, an' sez he:—

“Stop, sir! Take off your coat, sir. I'll thrash that Dimocracy out'n o' you.’

“Ye could a heerd a pin drap. Then I ketched ole Jube Turner's eye. He allus 'lowed there war no backbone to a Dimercrat. An' when I see him I flung back my coat an' bowed my shoulders fur the ole man's lash.

"The boys drapped back, disappointed, an' I heard a hiss ez the first blow fell. Forty licks. I tuk 'em without a tremble. An' when the last un fell, I riz up an' tore off my hat, an' tossed it up ter the rafters, an' sez I, ez loud ez I could, 'Hooray fur Democracy! Forty lashes hev heat it ter red hot heat.'

"Then a yell went up, an' I knowed ez Carter County war gone Dimercratic fur onc't, afore ole Jube stepped out afore the boys, an' tuk off his hat an' sez, 'I be fur the feller ez can't be beat out o' his principles.'

"Them war stormy times in the cabin on the Wataugy, I kin tell ye. The boys built a bonfire top o' Lynn Mount'n jest acrost the river. It lit up the kentry fur miles, an' my ole mammy watched it through her tears ez she stood in the cabin door; but the ole man didn't speak ter me no more till I war startin' off ter Nashvill ter tek my seat, ez 'the member from Carter.'

"But my ole mammy follered me down ter the settlemint, wher' the boys war waitin' ter say good-by, an' she tuk my han' 'n hers, an' sez she:—

"'Legislatur or plow boy, remember ye air born ter die!'

"'Mend up the road law,' said Jube, at partin', 'an' let down the gap ter the still house.' Fur Jube had a taste fur apple-juice an' corn squeezin's.

"Waal, I moved along toler'ble peart. Ef I could set the boys a-laffin', I war toler'ble sartin' ter kerry my p'int. Ef I couldn't, some-un would move adjinement,— 'Ter give Bob time ter ile up,' they said. 'Ilin' up' meant gittin' my fiddle ready an' callin' the boys tergether in a committee-room or somewher's, an' tollin' 'em inter measures with 'Rabbit in the Pea Patch'— 'Chicken in the Bread Tray,' an' some o' the other mount'n tunes. The mount'n boys war allus sure to come under after a pull at the ole fiddle. It jest put 'em inter a kind o' jubilee that would a' let the State o' Tennessee go ter the devul, ef unly the fiddle war left.

"'Remember ye air born ter die.' I could hear it in the twang o' the fiddle-strings, a-playin' the boys inter harness, in the clerk's voice a-callin' the roll, in the speaker's gavil a-knockin' fur order.

"One mornin' ther' war a big railroad bill afore the House, an' the Dimercrats went one side the track, and the Republicans went t'other. An' I sot ther' awaitin my turn ter vote;

an' when it kem, I riz up scacely knowin' what I war a-doin', an' sez I:—

“‘I be born ter die! I be aginst that bill.’

“An' the boys set up a yell, a-callin' ter me not ter do it. An' the nex' day the papers named me fur a Jonah, an' said ez I war showin' uv the East Tennessee streak ter my bacon. The streak in East Tennessee bacon air a Republican streak, they 'lowed. An' they made game o' my sayin' I war born ter die. I went ter bed that night toler'ble crushed. But in my dreams, I war back ter the fair valley o' the Wataugy, an' a face deep-scarred an' wrinkled riz up afore me, an' a pair o' faded eyes looked inter mine, an' I heeard the voice o' my ole mammy, 'Stan' by your principles. Ye air born to die!’

“So I went 'long One day ther' war a mighty rumpus over a bill to shet off gamblin' in the State o' Tennessee. Times were hot, an' word war give ez how some aimed ter hev that bill, spite o' locks an' safes an' clerks an' sargeants. Ther' war a night session. An' I war at it. An' ez I run my han' inter my desk, it tetched a package. I tuk it up; pinned ter it war a note. ‘\$10,000 fur a vote aginst the Gamblin' Bill,’ it said. I drapped my head on my desk an' groaned. I war unly a mount'n stripplin', an' that temptation war orful, *orful*.

“‘Remember ye air born ter die.’ Ole mount'n mother. I could hear her voice above the voice o' the tempter.

“When my name war called, I riz up, that roll o' gunpowder in my hand. I helt it out afore 'em all, high up ez I could retch, an' I yelled out in reg'lar mount'n fashion — ‘Who bids?’ sez I, ‘who bids? Ten thousan' dollars fur some man's honor. Come an' git it whosoever air minded. Ez fur me, I air not a bidder.’

“An' I flung it with all my might acrost the house, an' I heeard it fall at the clerk's feet ez I called ter him to put me down fur that bill. ‘Fur it, 'till the crack o' doom.’

“Laud! I never kalkulated on raisin' such a rumpus. I war the bigges' man in Tennessee that night. I went ter bed, ter be woke up by the brass band under my winder, a-playin' ‘Hail ter the Chief.’

“I war allus a fool about a band anyhow, an' when I heeard that grand old tune, played fur *me*, — *me*, I jest drapped back 'mongst the kivers and cried like a baby.

"*Me*, hid away in a forty-ninth class bo'rdin' house,— *me*, the plough-boy o' the Wataugy. Then the boys bust in an' ordered me inter my clothes, an' drug me out fur a speech. An' when I heeard the yellin', sez I, 'Boys, in the name o' creation what *hev* I done?' An' some-uns said, sez he, 'Ye've turned the water-pipe loose on hell,—that's what's ye've done.'

"I went home shortly after that — went a-wonderin' what Jube would say. Fur Jube war toler'ble fond uv ole Sledge now 'n then.

"Waal, I hev hed some *success*, I say it meekly; an' I hev felt some little pride, I say it meekly; an' I hev hed some happy minutes in my life. But the happies' minute I ever knowed war that minute when I sot my foot on my native East Tennessee sile agin, an' felt the hand o' honest old Jube Turner tek holt o' mine an' wring it hard, whilst he looked away to'des the blue hills, for the tears war in his eyes, an' sez he: 'Ye'll do ter trust, youngster!'

"The ox wagin war ther' ter meet me ter fetch me up the mount'n. The ole steers, Buck and Bill, hed flags a-flyin' from the'r horns, an' the wagin war all kivered up in cedar branches an' the pretty pink azalea that grewed right around our cabin door. An' h'isted squar' on top uv all war a pole, a sign-board, with a flag a-flyin', an' on it my ole school-marm hed writ a line: —

"'The plough-boy o' the Wataugy; Truth, the sledge hammer o' the mountaineer!'

"An' how the boys did shout! They fairly drug me ter the wagin; an' then all fell inter line, an' sot out fur the cabin long side the Wataugy.

"Home! that little cabin wher' the winders turned ter meet the sun; the waters sang ther' all the year aroun', sang and sobbed. One part the pretty river red'nin' in the sun, an' t'other dead black with the shadow uv the pines that cap the summit uv Lynn Mount'n.

"An' the boys come down ter meet me at the bars, an' the ole man, proud uv his son, ashamed uv the Dimererat, leanin' on his staff under the greenin' hop-vines. An', best uv all the vision uf a little ole woman, standin' in the door, shadin' her eyes against the sunlight, waitin' fur her boy.

"The flag floated above my head; the boys yelled the'r-se'ves hoarse; the wagin creaked, an' Jube's whip cracked

about the spotted steer's back. But I heeard nothin'; I see nothin', but my mother waitin' in the door. She tuk me in her arms, an' drapped her cheek upon my bosom.

"My boy," she said; an' it war wuth ten times over the whole that I hed won.

"But the ole man war worrit. A sign pinned ter the wagin-hed hed tuk his eye.

"The Champion o' Democracy," it said.

"Take it down," said some one, 'it worries the ole man. An' one riz up ter cut it down. But I war ther' afore him, an' I retched out ter take the hand that would cut away my colors.

"Stop!" sez I. 'Boys,' I went on, 'they be my colors. I'll not hide 'em from the eye uv God or man.'

"Then they raised a shout: 'Them colors'll stan' ye good stead fur Congress,' they said, 'bimeby.'

"They done it. It war this way. Ther' war foul play in the convention, the Republican convention. An' ole Bony Pettibrash, who aimed to boss that kentry, got the nomernation. That riled the boys, and they-uns swore he never should be elected. So when the Dimercrats nomernated me, the t'other elemint being ag'inst ole Pettibrash come out fur me, an' I went ter Congress.

"I had ter work fur it though, fur Pettibrash hed his follerin'. He war a pow'ful hand at argerfyin', though not much on a joke. He war long winded, an' my unly chance war in the fac' that the boys got tired uv him. I laid my plans — t'was my ole mammy helped me, an' her ez suggested.

"One night we-uns war ter meet at the log school house an' discuss matters. A big crowd war ter be ther', an' I tuk my fiddle along, *accerdentially*, so ter speak. The boys war lookin' oneasy.

"Can't ye tell a good coon yarn, Bob?" they sez. But Jube 'lowed a 'possum story ez I knowed would tek better.

"Then I whispered in Jube's ear the plan I hed laid out.

"Jest afore speakin' time I onwropped my fiddle an' twanged a string.

"Give us a tune, Bob," sung out Jube, 'ter liven us up a bit whilst we're waitin'.

"I tetched the bow acrost the strings. 'Rabbit in the Pea-Patch,' — the boys began ter pat; soft at first, then a bit more peart. Then I played up — that ole Rabbit went a-skippin'

an' a-trippin', I kin tell ye. Far'well ter the peas in that patch. How the boots did strike that ole puncheon floor! Jube led. I could hear his leather 'bove all the rest.

"All 't onc't I struck inter 'Rollin' River'; fur I see ole Pettibrash eyein' uv me through the winder. Jube see it too—an' sez he—'Plenty o' time, boys, fur speakin'. Out with the benches, an' let's hev a dance.'—Out they went, an' the gals an' wimmen folks kem in; an' then I tuk the teacher's desk, an' put my fiddle ter my shoulder, an' sez I, "Boys, ef yid rether hev cat-gut music ez ter hev chin, I'm yer man. But I'll jest mek all the speech I've got ter mek in mighty few words. It air this. I'm agin the Blair Bill an' fur the fair thing. Them's my sentiments in Congress or on the mount'n."

"Then I tetched up the fiddle, an' give 'em 'Chicken in the Bread Tray,' whilst ole Pettibrash war left ter chaw the ragged eend o' disapp'intment. It war midnight when we quit. We offered ter 'divide time' about eleven o'clock, but the boys war in fur a frolic. Waal, we-uns went to Congress, me an' the fiddle. An' that ole fiddle went long o' me ter all the speakin's afore it went ter Congress, an' it beat ole Pettibrash all ter hollow fur argumint. 'Fiddled his way ter Congress,' the papers said, an' they didn't miss it ez fur ez I hev knowed 'em ter do.

"But the fiddle war not done yit. The papers talked mighty about it, an' about me 'fiddlin' my way ter fame,' an' sech.

"One day a question kem up fur the protection uv iron, an' I voted fur it, long with the Republicans. Ye see I war a mount'n boy; an' them ole hills o' Tennessee, sech ez war not filled with marble war chuck full o' iron or coal, or sech. I war boun' ter stan' by the mount'n. The papers abused me mightly, an' 'lowed ez I played the wrong tune that time.

"That night I had a diff'rint surrenade, on mighty diff'rint instrumints from the ole Tennessee brass band. They war tin horns, an' busted buckets, an' cowbells; an' ther' war a feller ez give out the tunes, an' one war this:—

"'The Whelp o' the Wataugy,' an' the band applauded right along.

"The next war:—

"'The Fiddlin' Mugwump,' an' the band seconded right motion.

" 'The Protection 'Possum o' the Cumberlands' fetched down the house.

" Then some-un called fur me, an' I went out, me an' the fiddle. An' I didn't say a word; I jist tetched the bow acrost the strings, an' begin ter play.

' Kerry me back,
Kerry me back ter Tennessee!'

" Fur a minute all war still ez the dead. Then some-un shouted, 'Go it Bob!' An' the whole earth fairly shuk with the'r shoutin'.

" 'Fiddle away, ole coon,' they hollered. 'Go it, my whelp!' — 'Hooray fur Tennessee!'

" The next mornin' ther' war a big poplar coffin settin' on the steps o' the capitol, an' a big fiddle laid 'pon top o' it, an' on a white card war painted in black letters: 'Hang up the fiddle an' the bow.' An' another card said:— 'Kin any good come out o' Nazareth?' meanin' East Tennessee.

" Then the mount'n in me riz big ez a mule. An' that day I made a speech. A speech fur Tennessee, with her head in the clouds an' her feet in the big Mississippi. An' I 'lowed ez I aimed ter stan' by her, an' by her ole iron-filled hills till the breath lef' my body, spite o' coffins an' fiddles, cowbells an' tin horns. 'An' she'll stan' by me 'sez I, 'I be'n't afeard ter risk ole Tennessee.' An' I give the word ez I'd never hang up the fiddle till East Tennessee ordered it, an' ole Jube Turner signed the documint. It war all in the papers nex' day an' I jest mailed 'em out ter Jube. He war mightly tickled, an' the boys all laffed some when he read it out ter they-uns.

" I made one more race, me an' the fiddle, an' hit war the stormiest race I ever set out fur. I hed a new foe ter fight this time, one ez ole Pettibrash couldn't tetch with a forty-foot pole. Hit war Alf, my own brother. The Republicans put Alf out to head me off, thinkin' ez I wuldn't make the race ag'inst my own brother. I war with Jube when the news o' Alf's nomernation kem. An' Jube he swore an' cussed like all possessed. He give the word ez I hed to make the race fur Gov'ner o' Tennessee ef the whole fam'ly kem out ez candidates.

"I went home. I war not able ter face the ole man an' the Republican elemint i' the fam'ly; so I went out an' sot on a log behin' the cabin an' watched the sun a-settin' behin' Lynn Mount'n. So, it seemed ter me, *my* sun war goin' down behin' the mount'n o' helplessness — my sun o' success.

"After a while my ole mother foun' me out an' kem down, an' I told her ez how I war hendered by Alf bein' a candidate. An' she heeard me out an' then — sez she — an' her words were slow an' keerful:—

"'Ye hev the right; Alfred knowed ez ye aimed ter mek the race, an' he hev unly done this ter hurt the Dimercrats. Ye hev the right ter go on fur yer party, the same ez Alfred hev fur his. Ye hev that right.'

"Then I riz up an' went in. An' I tuk down the old fiddle, an' teched it gentle like, an' all the ole times kem crowdin' back. I see the Hall o' Representatives. An' I heeard the clerk's voice callin' uv the roll. An' the shouts o' the boys a-contendin'. Then it changed an' 'Hail ter the Chief,' said the fiddle in my ear, unly it war a brass band. Then the tune turned agin, an' I heeard the cowbells an' the tin horns an' the hiss'n' uv the people. Then it began to fade, an' 'Kerry me back. Kerry me back,' an' I riz up an' shuk the fiddle in the face o' the whole house, an' sez I—

"'Yaas, I'll go. *I will* go. All hell can't hender me.'

"An' I went. Me an' the fiddle, fur it tuk tall playin' ter git above Alf ez war up ter all my tricks.

"Nip an' tuck we run, me a neck ahead on the home-stretch, me an' my fiddle. 'Fiddled himself inter the Gov'-ner's cheer,' they said; an' ther' war some toler'ble tall fiddlin' done after we got ther'.

"I aint laid her by yit, my ole pardner. Ther's a vacancy ter the United States Senate jest ahead, an'—"

There was a shout down the river: the fisherman had returned. The Governor rose and shook himself.

"Ah, gentlemen," he said, "we shall have fish for our supper after all."

Richard was himself again.

SUNSET ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY VIRGINIA FRAZER BOYLE.

Droops the day upon the borders,
As her mantle sways and dips,
Where the golden sunbeams dying,
Kissed the river's silver lips.

Not a shadow breaks the barring,
Cuts the stillness like a sigh,
Save a buzzard's black intaglio
'Gainst the amaranthine sky.

And the blue smoke from the cabins,
Veins above the homely sod,
As if born of low-swung censers,
Climbing slowly up to God.

Far away, the long light slanting,
Glints the rank alluvial yield,
Pricking in the dusky workers,
Winding homeward through the field ;

And the breezes full and drunken
With the wine of Autumn, bear
A cadence on the river,
Like the prelude of a prayer : —

“Gwine home, gwine home —
Gwine home, ter die no mo'!”

Pulsing down the mellow silence
Beats the echo deep and low,
“Gwine home ter libe fur ebber —
Gwine home ter die no mo'!”

Fades the day upon the borders,
That her rosy lips have pressed ;
Then a darkness shrouds the river,
With an opal in his breast.

DESTITUTION IN BOSTON WITH STRIKING ILLUSTRATIONS AND PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

BY EDWARD HAMILTON, REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D. D.,
RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER, REV. O. P. GIFFORD, REV.
WALTER J. SWAFFIELD, AND REV. W. D. P. BLISS.

INTRODUCTORY WORDS.

[ONE of the most humiliating features of our modern civilization is the poverty and destitution found in all our great cities. He who has eye and ear open to the needs of his fellowmen is constantly brought face to face with sickening illustrations of misery induced by our defective social system and man's weakness, or brought about by circumstances over which the victims have no control. To remedy this great evil is one of the herculean tasks before the earnest and thoughtful workers of the present. The subject must be so generally agitated as to awaken the moral sentiment of the people. We must find the great root causes of this giant evil and then direct our efforts against them. It will not do to say that poverty has always existed and therefore always must exist. What satisfied a more brutal and inhuman civilization in the past can no longer be tolerated by the humane spirit of the present, for we are rising into the light. The very fact that we are becoming so keenly sensitive to the great evils that everywhere bring misery to our fellowmen, emphasizes the truth that we are moving up from the cellar of selfishness and sensuality into the light of a higher civilization.

There are certain great evils that lie at the root of the major part of the destitution and vice in our great cities. When our people are morally developed sufficiently to comprehend that it is cheaper as well as wiser to prevent poverty and crime, than to take care of paupers and criminals, measures will be devised which will go far toward abolishing poverty. At the head of the great feeders of human want and misery in our large cities stands the saloon, the menace alike of individual comfort and national integrity and prosperity. Side by side with this evil stand the great, overcrowded, filthy tenement houses, where people are huddled together in herds; where vile odors permeate the air; where filth is omnipresent, and where, instead of the mystic charm of home, there is nothing present to elevate, or to give the inmates *courage and hope*, and it should be remembered that when these great motive powers are taken from man, he has lost the weapons which make him invincible in the presence of temptation. Keeping a man in the atmosphere of degradation with the window of hope closed and barred, is one of the surest methods of dragging him to the level of a beast. This is one of the results of life in the overcrowded tenement house. It would doubtless be cheaper, in the long run, if the city purchased land in its suburbs, divided it into little plots, and sold it on very easy terms and long time, to those who live in the tenement-house districts, and who are struggling to be free. If the city owned the means of transportation, which sooner or later it surely will, a low rate could be charged to all laborers who received less than a certain amount of wages, they being furnished with check cards stamped and registered. Thus, at a cost of two or three cents, the poor man could come to his work, and return to his home in the suburbs. Of course these are only hints of what might be accomplished if society was awake to its duties. Agitation of this great problem is imperative. We must not be satisfied with what has

been done, or what is being done; our ideal must contemplate the abolition of poverty, and toward the consummation of this lofty purpose we must incessantly direct our efforts. We who are more fortunate than others are *our brother's keepers*. — EDITOR OF ARENA.]

It is better to be truthful than to be fashionable. It is quite the fashion in Boston to deny that there is destitution in this city. What is called charity in our city has become a monopoly. Like other trusts, all so-called charitable societies and associations have been practically consolidated in association, with the control in the hands of a few. Even public charity, administered by public officials, is to a greater or less extent, practically controlled by the heads of the syndicate; and efforts already have been made to place these public funds in the direct management of the trust.

The large sum collected from the public annually, which is intelligently used for relief of destitution would be ample, is used mainly to pay salaries, rents, legal expenses, and for meetings held in various sections where speakers, eminent for eloquence and ability in their callings, — of both sexes — extol the great work of the syndicate, about the details of which they practically know nothing, and the admiring public accepts the pleasing rhetoric, and goes away charmed with the delusion that in Boston there is no destitution. They are told so and they think so. Nay, those who so inform them really think so; these orators, — they in turn have been so informed by the syndicate, and surely, in their opinion these leaders of the trust know all about it.

There is no lack of charitable hearts and open hands in Boston; let an appeal be made and aid instantly flows freely to relieve destitution, but the attempt of the trust is to cover up and suppress all outcries; to lull and quiet the public heart in the belief that through their organizations all needed help is bestowed.

To this end all independent action of societies and individuals is frowned upon, and publicly and privately talked down, so that all avenues for aid shall be barricaded except only those whose sign-boards point to the syndicate.

Imagine the torture a sensitive family, thrown into destitution suddenly from any cause, must suffer from the knowledge that the first step they take to even ask for aid, causes their names, history, and troubles to be spread in a written record to be coddled and gossiped over; the privacy of their home to be invaded by inquisitive visitors whose unasked advice is the substitute for practical relief; that that record is to be copied and sent broadcast to the other societies, and their names enrolled among the "dependent classes."

How few of our citizens annually examine the details of the public funds left by the charitable to the Overseers of the Poor, and notice how very little of the income from these is dispensed in

charity and how large a proportion is yearly added to the principal. The givers of these funds left them that they might be used for the poor of Boston, not to be reinvested annually to increase and to adorn the pages of a report showing large means with small outlay.

To secure aid from even these public funds requires what the politicians term an amount of "pull" or influence little dreamed of except by those who have had experience in such efforts.

The records of the Overseers of the Poor are open to the syndicate and copied by its agents, a wrong forbidden by the Board of Directors of Public Institutions and by the Roman Catholic charitable societies.

This publishing to the world that your neighbor has fallen into misfortune is so opposed to the Christian teaching of not letting one's right hand know what the left hand doeth in charity work, that it is singular it should find advocates in so cultivated a community as that of Boston. Is it to be wondered at that under this state of things destitution among the most worthy means despair?

But is there destitution? If there be none, what is the need of the large number of charitable societies of all denominations and creeds? Why pour out annually hundreds of thousands of dollars to minister to the poor and needy? If it be true there is no destitution in Boston, why not publish the fact and stop this vast waste of money?

It is not a fact; on the contrary there is a vast amount of poverty and destitution in this city. Last year there were daily sent from the Beacon Street office of the Directors of Public Institutions eleven persons for each of the three hundred days, or three thousand three hundred in the year. In the month of December last the daily average for the twenty-six days was sixteen, or four hundred and seventeen for the month. These people were admitted to the public charitable institutions by this Board alone; how many were admitted to private institutions also?

Thirty-three hundred went "over the hill to the Poorhouse" from this one office last year. Yet we are told there was no destitution in Boston.

It should be borne in mind that all aided in this manner, registered and receiving aid from the Overseers of the Poor, have at once changed their relations to society, and attached to their names a word not found in the scriptures, the word "pauper." Their bodies are not branded, but the word "pauper" is branded into their souls.

About sixteen years since, mainly through the efforts of a noble woman, an act was secured from the Legislature declaring that a little charity might be given by the city of Boston without making

the recipient a pauper; that through the police, the city might establish soup houses for the temporary relief of the destitute. For some years this act, at a merely nominal expense, was complied with; and in the reports of the Police Board may be found statistics on this subject which no thoughtful person can regard otherwise than as remarkable. Since the establishment of the charity trust, strenuous public efforts have been made before the Legislature and the city government to stop this little aid to the poor; but in every instance they failed to do it. This year private influence with the Police Board seems to have accomplished what public efforts openly exerted failed to do.

Under a more enlightened policy, former Police Boards, early in the winter, opened soup houses in all sections of the city. Last year but one was opened, and that one only from February 15th to April 6th, or fifty days; yet $752\frac{1}{2}$ meals per day were furnished, or 37,629, to 7,407 destitute families, at a total cost of but \$1,300.56, or an average cost per meal of $.03\frac{9}{20}$ cents.

In 1888, from January 27th to April 6th, or in sixty-nine days, 884 meals per day, or 61,497 meals, were furnished to 12,583 families, at an expense of but \$1,770.92, an average cost per meal of but $.02\frac{9}{10}$ cents.

Who knows the destitute families so well as the police officer, who day and night patrols his district, and learns the history and hears of the needs of the poor therein? It was for this reason in part, that the Legislature directed this distribution through the police. They know the destitute, and none know better than they that destitution still cries for aid in Boston.

The present Police Board can hardly have read the Act or fathomed the intent of the Legislature which passed it; they seem to think they confer a favor on the city of Boston in executing this Act, for in their report for 1889, they say: "While the Police Department is perfectly willing to assist the city authorities, it is proper to say that this distribution of soup is not, in the opinion of the Board, a matter which comes within the scope of police duty." And so the destitute families, whom a little hot soup, at a cost of two cents to the city, was keeping together out of the almshouse, have been for the last few years gradually deprived of even this little charity, until in this year 1890, it ceased altogether.

Under the eye of the police, who know them all, these destitute families have by their eight hundred meals a day borne testimony to their needs. "The scope of police duty," is to obey the law. If they err, let it be on the side of humanity. Let them stand less in awe of the syndicate, and more in the fear of Christian obligation.

There needs to be a great awakening in Boston, on this subject of Christian revival in charitable methods. There are noble chari-

table societies, independent and uncontrolled by the trust, who despise its methods and principles. In the olden time, when charity meant religion, and duty called for kindly acts toward our poorer neighbors, the main question was how best to help, to uplift, to feed, and clothe the hungry and naked. All laws regulating settlements and the public administration of state and municipal charity, tend to lead those charged with their execution to seek expedients *not* to aid; to keep down the numbers and expense of public support. And the dividing line between public and private charity work might be said to be that Public officers sought how not to aid, while Private societies sought how to aid. But the trust teaches the former rule of repression. "No alms giving," no soup in winter, no coal or food. "No, my poor widow and children, you need no food. What you want and need is advice and a friend. Widow, let us take your children from you,—you see to what straits they have already brought you,—and you then can, with our help, sell many of your little effects, which are not already pawned, and by getting work, support yourself in a quiet and happy life." You, my widow, in more fortunate circumstances, how would you like such friendly advice? Would you give up your children, and be happy? We think not.

There is an old saying that "a man is good for nothing until he has been hungry." Or as Sir Walter Scott states it: "Adversity is like the period of the former and the latter rain,—cold, comfortless, unfriendly to man and to animal; yet from that season have their birth the flower and the fruit."

"The poor ye have always with you." It is a divine ordination. Otherwise the choicest sentiments of the soul would lie dormant. What is the wrong in not doing the highest and best charity work, when the opportunity and necessity is denied us? The duty is upon us. It should not be evaded. Fine theories as to methods cannot lessen responsibility. Where is thy brother? He is there, fallen by the wayside. You cannot avoid responsibility by passing on the other side. He must be helped, be clothed and fed.

"If we perform what we are able to perform, how little soever it may be, it is enough; it will be acceptable in the sight of Him who knows how to estimate exactly all our actions."

EDWARD HAMILTON.

When the editor of *THE ARENA* proposed this symposium, I asked at once three of the most experienced charity visitors whom I know, to send me each a memorandum of the worst case of destitution he had seen in Boston, within the last two years. For myself, the piece of abject misery which always stands out in my own remembrance, dates many years ago, and

I cannot now find a place in Boston as bad as that was. It was in a set of rookeries in Indiana Street, which, so to speak, overhung the Albany Railroad. It was in a tenement of two rooms—the front room about ten feet square, with one window, in which was the mother of a family, with a dirty baby in her arms. The room behind was what I should call a bin, half full of straw, without any window; indeed, precisely resembling the dark back bin of a pig-pen, in which there lay, perfectly unconscious, a man dead drunk. I remember that the mother cuffed a dirty child for sitting in the chair without a back, which was the only piece of furniture, and laid her baby on the straw by its unconscious father, that she might render me the proper hospitalities of the position.

Under the work of Health Commissioners and laws for tenement houses, that particular rookery has given way, and things in that respect are much better than they were twenty years ago in Boston. I find we old fogies are supposed by the people of the present generation, to know nothing about vice and destitution. For all that, people will get drunk now just as they would then. Whiskey is as bad now, or worse, than it was then; and, as Mr. Nasby showed, in his remarkable article in *The North American Review*, the tendency of our present liquor traffic is to make the liquor worse. I could wish that some enterprising philanthropist would obtain permission to reprint that article as a temperance tract.

Here are two more cases:—

1. "Johnny and Willie Godchild, rear 999 Somewhere Street, Boston. Johnny, the oldest, is about sixteen or seventeen years of age; Willie is about twelve. These two orphans keep house, in two rooms, up two flights, in a rickety shed, in the rear as above. A comb with half a dozen teeth, a brush, a piece of looking-glass, a wooden-table, a blacking-box for a seat, and two or three chromos made the furnishings of the outer room, while a cheap bedstead, upon which were a quilt and what was once a receptacle for feathers furnished the bedroom. A pile of newspapers, among which were two or three trashy boys' stories, repose permanently in lieu of a pillow, evidently very handy in case of sleeplessness. The bed is very carefully not disturbed, for fear that what few feathers are left in the mattress will escape. The floor is literally covered with feathers, and looks more attractive to a weary body than the bed. A brass lamp completes the list of their household belongings. I had not been able to see the room till yesterday, having been ingeniously kept outside heretofore.

"I have tried to get Johnny interested in learning a trade, finding him a situation in a printing office, but he left there after

three weeks, not being as capable as the average apprentice. Twice, when I called to see how he was getting on, I scented liquor upon him. He has worked at three occupations in as many weeks since, and I suspect the Arab habit has become too fixed with him to admit of his leading other than a vagabond life. I fear that the habit of drink will also bear him down; he already shows signs of decay.

"I had not met little Willie until a day or two ago, and when I looked into his blue eyes, although in their depths there lurked some of the adroitness of his class, I could not fail to be convinced that there was a soul as yet alive behind them. He is attached to his brother, and holds him in check somewhat. He is the steadier of the two, earning from three to five dollars per week. I was amused by his telling me to come to see him next time at six o'clock "sharp, for we boys have to 'tend pretty strict to 'biz', you know, or we lose our chance."

2. Mrs. XXX and her son James, living at 62 Somewhereelse St. "This is almost a case of Rizpah weeping for her son. Mrs. XXX is a hard-working washerwoman, who goes out to her work most of the day. Her rooms are very neat, and somewhat profusely decorated with store-premiums and home-made articles of bric-a-brac. Her son James is too proud to work, but not too lazy to steal. I met him the other day, and he expressed great repugnance to prison life, and introduced me to his wife, a slatternly looking woman, who, from rumors and my own latter impression, I suspect is only a wife in theory. I procured James an opportunity to work in a restaurant at seven dollars a week, but he made no effort to get it. A week later he had got into a row, and is now serving a year at the Island."

Every "friendly visitor" would give us cases of this sort. The interesting feature about them is that they are sporadic, and do not belong to one fated section of Boston. The great good fortune of Boston in this business is that Joseph Tuckerman had the oversight of things here fifty-odd years ago, with a set of practical philanthropists about him. And when Boston was a town of not more than fifty thousand people, they took certain measures which have kept us from having any centre hive of infamy and wretchedness, like Whitechapel, for instance, in London, or like what the Five Points once was in New York. Separate points I have known in thirty-four years, like this in Indiana Street, like the old Menagerie in Lincoln Street, which were as bad as anything in the world. But they existed merely as separate points, and public opinion could be brought to bear on them, so that they were suppressed.

I like to put myself on record as being certain that, just in proportion as you improve the physical conveniences of a neigh-

borhood, you uplift the people who live there. You do not merely drive the lowest grade of people out to another place to suffer, but you absolutely improve them as you improve their conditions. This is shown in a very definite and practical way in a little memoir, lately published, of John Long, a vigorous workman in the cause of charity in the city of Philadelphia. The biography is very brief, but it contains the gist of this whole matter. John Long began by telling his people that they would be damned and must save their souls; but he found this did no good. He then turned round and compelled the city authorities to give him more police in his district. They did not want to, but he brought the press of the city to his assistance, and, out of mere shame, more policemen were given him. The interesting thing is, that this was the beginning of moral and spiritual reform; and, in proportion as these people saw that somebody was interested in them, and was taking care of them, whether on the side of the law or on the side of human tenderness, their condition improved. John Long eventually introduced in his district the various improvements, in which Philadelphia is far ahead of us, by which men own their own houses and insure their own lives; and the upshot of it was that, when John Long died, the very men who had filled the House of Correction and been the terror of the police, were decent and respectable citizens. I say this by way of encouragement to anybody who breaks up a rookery in Boston.

For myself, I have done with any effort to palliate the tenement-house system. I believe it to be bad from beginning to end. I believe that the process of improvement in Boston, in the line of its destitution, its vice, and its crime, involves the process of rapid transit to the suburbs, and giving to each family its home. There is a great deal in the prophetic promise that "they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree, and none shall make them afraid." The moment a man has a bit of this world which he can call his own, that moment he respects himself and is respected by his neighbors, and there is a chance that he will deserve that respect. While he hangs between earth and heaven in the eleventh story of some infamous tenement-house, with a placard, very likely, at the bottom of the stairs, that he must not have more than two or three children, the chances for him are so small that all the organized effort of the world will hardly "bring him up to time."

I like to put myself on record, also, as saying that all the poverty, all the crime, and all the vice, which attract public attention in Boston among what we call the poorer classes, may be ascribed to the free use of intoxicating liquors. I have said a hundred times, and I am willing to say it again, that if anybody

else will take charge of all the poverty and crime which results from drunkenness, the South Congregational Church, of which I have the honor to be the minister, will alone take charge of all the rest of the poverty which needs "outdoor relief" in the city of Boston. If that church could satisfy its conscience with as small work as that, it would certainly relieve its visiting forces and its treasury of a very considerable part of the demands now made upon them.

No genuine Yankee tells such stories of partial or entire failure as those which I have quoted, without saying what he would do about it; and in my judgment every Christian had better look forward to improvement than look back on disgraces. I will not say I have a panacea. I am too old to place much confidence in fads, and I fancy that our charities must co-operate if we are to reduce pauperism, sickness, ignorance, vice, and crime in Boston. I do believe, however, that a great deal would be gained if we had a much closer personal supervision and responsibility in this matter than we have. I ventured to state my plan in a public address delivered before the Good Citizenship Society a year ago in Boston. I have never heard but one person allude to it, the press passed it by with silence, and although I printed several thousand copies of it, I have never seen or heard of but one person who read it. But that person is a vigorous, executive man, who believes in it. We are, therefore, now two, where we were one a year ago, and at this rate of improvement the time will come when this plan will be important enough to be tried.

I suggested the same plan which Colonel Ingham found in the city of Sybaris five and twenty years ago. It is exactly the plan which exists in a small country village where there is one Christian minister, who has, and knows he has, the moral oversight of every person in the town. I ventured to call it a "moral police." There are, say five hundred thousand people in the city of Boston, or about seventy thousand families. There are, in round numbers, five hundred clergymen in Boston. Each of these clergymen believes that Jesus Christ came to take away the sin of the world, and believes that he knows how that thing is to be done. My plan, as I stated it, was this: that to each one of these five hundred clergymen should be assigned his share of the seventy thousand families. This will make for each one, one hundred and forty families, or thereabouts. Of these families, he should "keep the run"; he should know whether they were alive or dead, whether they were going to the bad or not, where the children were educated, whether the people were at work, and in general should feel the same sort of responsibility for them, that, as I say, the country parson feels for the people of the town which is intrusted to him. I am perfectly willing to take my share of these

families. In fact, as the minister of the South Congregational Church, with a certain charity district belonging to me, I do take it now. Most clergymen in Boston are doing fully the amount which would be thus thrown upon them; only there is now no system in the way in which it is done, so that there fall out many gaps where nobody is responsible.

Under my system, there would be some person to whom we could turn to know why John Jones was found dead in the street; to know why James Smith, when he was arrested for picking pockets, said that he had nothing to eat for forty-eight hours; to know why the Flaherty children were arrested by the truant officer, and were proved not to have been to school for a week. I believe that, under such a system of personal responsibility on the part of the moral guides of this city, the work which they are willing to do would be a great deal better done than it is. I think if, when the newspaper said that Fitzjohn Mortimer had been sent to the house of correction for drunkenness, and that he was under the oversight of Edward E. Hale, Edward E. Hale would be ashamed that he was there, and would be spurred up to see that Fitzjohn's brother, Clarence Mortimer, was in better ways, and was not sent to the house of correction. I believe that gradually the churches of the city would be roused to see that the noblest duty they have in hand is the care of the people who are around them, moral, spiritual, intellectual, and physical. After thirty-four years of experience, I am quite convinced that the present helter-skelter system, by which Trinity Church is made responsible for an undivided two-hundredth part of the whole population of Boston, the South Congregational Church for another undivided two-hundredth part, Bishop Williams at the Cathedral, for another two-hundredth part, and the Salvation Army for another undivided two-hundredth part, cannot be made to work satisfactorily as long as these fractions overlap each other, and while there is no sense of a definite duty existing in the minds of either one of these congregations. I am perfectly aware that this plan of mine seems Utopian and absurd to the great majority of the people who read it. All the same, I have satisfied myself that it is the best plan for the moral government of cities, and I am very much obliged to the editor of *THE ARENA* for the opportunity of bringing it forward again.

Anybody who would like to see the statement of what can be done where the churches of a town co-operate in some such way for its moral, spiritual, and intellectual improvement, had better send for a copy of "Matthew Middlemas' Experiment," written by William H. McElroy, of the New York *Tribune*.

EDWARD E. HALE.

If I am to give an opinion on this subject, permit me to select that part of the whole, with which I am most familiar.

As Secretary of the United Hebrew Association of Boston, I have had ample opportunity to become aware that destitution exists in this city among the poor of Jewish extraction.

Owing to the current but false belief that a Jew must be rich, *ipso facto*, I have frequently been asked by well educated, intelligent Christians, if it is possible that there are in Boston Jews so poor as actually to be without means of support, and these inquirers were astonished to learn that the Hebrew Charitable Associations have to wage as bitter war against increasing pauperism among Jews as similar associations must do among Christians.

It has been supposed that a Jew assumes the garb of poverty the better to conceal his wealth, or that if he does meet with disaster, he has only to appeal to his brethren to be set on his feet again. Both these accounts are fabulous. The Jew is rather more inclined to put on an appearance of wealth, and to be more extravagant in dress, than in the pursuit of pleasure. Jewish charities, though lavishly dispensed, cannot stop the sources of pauperism nor prevent destitution, and furthermore, many of the very poor will suffer to the last, rather than make their poverty known, even to their nearest neighbors.

The fact remains, therefore, that there is, despite the liberality of Jewish charitable associations, destitution among the Jewish as well as the Christian population; that large families live huddled together in most miserable quarters, who have no provision for a single day ahead, and no money to pay rent. Fortunately, continual misery dulls their spirit and makes them careless, else they would crowd the lunatic asylums.

What were the causes of such dire conditions which even the most philanthropic and lavish efforts cannot avert?

There are two sources from which the evil springs. First. The oppression from which the Jews have suffered everywhere for centuries, and from which they still suffer in semi-barbarous Russia and Poland, has unfitted them for improved social surroundings. In their laudable eagerness to improve their own condition, or that of their children at least, they flock to this country, to find alas! too late, that they fit nowhere into our social organism. Formerly, only the more enterprising and courageous among them would brave the dangers of the ocean and the vicissitudes of emigration, and through their own energy find a place somewhere; but, now that transportation is cheap enough to be within reach of the poorest, as tickets can be bought on the instalment plan, and the Atlantic can be crossed within a week, even the dullest and most ignorant takes his chances — and fails. The early marriages, customary among Jews, add to

the horror of their situation, since, where a single young man might possibly succeed, one burdened with a large family cannot. Time was when peddlers were received with hearty welcome at lonely farmhouses. Then an enterprising Jewish emigrant needed only to buy a small stock of goods, and, roaming from village to village, from farm to farm to sell them, make a good living for himself. But all that is changed. Well-stocked stores are found even in the smallest villages, and a peddler's occupation is gone. The emigrants remain in miserable poverty until their children grow up and find their proper spheres. But this takes a very long time, and as the swarms of unfortunates increase steadily in numbers, destitution among them increases in proportion.

Secondly. Many of the Jewish emigrants have learned some trade or profession, but they cannot succeed here, because they are utterly unable to compete with better educated and therefore more skilful Americans. They command but low wages and are thrown into destitution by every fluctuation in the labor market.

Thousands of Jewish laborers in this city are thrown out of employment twice a year, once about the middle of December, and again in August, and for several weeks are without work. These stagnations depend upon climatic conditions. If the winter has been mild, or the summer heat delayed, less goods are used and there is less demand for new ones.

Manufacturers, and even the middlemen who contract for the labor, can endure such an intermission, but not so the laborer. Cessation of work to him means starvation, since the wages he receives suffice only to keep him from day to day. So he incurs debts during the standstill, which he must meet when he has work and so on *de capo*. Twice a year the Jewish Charities are called upon to meet the deficiencies caused by these stagnations of trade, and although they do all that is possible, they cannot support all who come for aid, to say nothing of many honest laborers too proud to beg, who will suffer hunger and cold with their families, rather than let their need be known.

To solve the problem of how to arrest these two sources of destitution among the Jews alone, is beyond the scope of the present symposium.

SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

Christ has left us two parables of remarkable power, both teaching the same lesson, the responsibility of wealth to poverty, of strength to weakness,—Lazarus at the door of the rich man, and the poor fellow by the wayside. Life and death were all the man in the palace and the one by the gate had in common. Need was the only claim the beggar had on the rich man, the

only claim the dying man had on the passing travellers. Christ teaches that need constitutes a claim. In neither case do we know the causes that led to suffering, in both cases we know Christ's judgment on those who left the need uncared for.

In the nineteenth century cleavage between wealth and poverty, Lazarus is not allowed near the gate of the rich man; he is swept aside with inanimate dirt into a rubbish heap where he may not offend our taste and disturb our happiness by his presence. An organized Society comes between the Samaritan and the bruised half-dead wayfarer; we have devised many ways of shutting out suffering from our eyes, but what is shut out is not thereby cured; the responsibility remains as long as the suffering continues. We are responsible for what is, and shall be judged for our treatment of sufferers it is our business to know and help.

Some months ago I came in contact with a young man who was suffering along this line; unable to get work at his trade, he took what he could, and found a place to toil in one of the great manufacturing shops of Boston, a long distance from his room. For sixty hours a week he received \$7.35. The work was hard, wearing, unceasing. Night found him tired to the marrow; morning met him half rested. He had a young wife to care for. The expenses for both were, each week: Room \$2.50; food \$3.97; car fare \$.60; total, \$7.07; margin, for clothes, amusements, sickness, and riotous living twenty-eight cents.

I played the part of extra horse for weeks, helping him tug up grade. The furniture in the room was the simplest, the cooking apparatus a borrowed oil stove. It was pitiful to see strength and courage ebb out week by week, to see the form grow gaunt, the eye lose its lustre, the tendrils of hope untwine one by one, and the life-vine settle into the mud; when such lives get low enough they sometimes rot into sin and vice, are sometimes transplanted by official hands, and sometimes, restrained by helping hands, take fresh root and bear fruit.

Some months ago a confirmed drunkard was banished from our liquor-licensing civilization to the Island to be put in repair for fresh debauches. Having served his time he returned to the room called home (?) to find the dead body of his wife laid out for burial, hurried into eternity by the bar room. She had dodged the Island in her last spree and stumbled into the valley of the shadows, from the light of our Christian civilization. The state-reformed husband slipped the shoes from the feet of the corpse, exchanged them for liquor, came back to the room crazy drunk, and ordered that "thing" taken from his house.

A carpenter, called by his trade to work in one of our suburbs, was wont to leave the home in charge of his wife. During his

absence one of the children was stricken down with fever; he hired a nurse to help his wife. While he was working the child died. The body was laid in the casket, and placed on a table. Awaiting the time for the funeral the wife and nurse both got drunk, tipped the coffin off the table, the overturned casket burst open, the body rolled out, and a visitor found an older child trying to put it back into the coffin.

We admire the skill of Christ in rebuking the cold-blooded selfishness of man in his day, but what would he say to the indifference of our day? We pity the suffering by the way-side, the poverty by the open gate when Christ turns the light of truth upon it; but what of the agony and misery in our streets, and close by our doors?

O. P. GIFFORD.

Within gunshot of the palaces of the Back Bay, and the gilded dome of the State House, there exists most abject poverty and wretchedness, such destitution as a few years ago called forth, "The bitter cry of outcast London." A revelation of the true state of things should raise a blush of shame on the cheek of Christian philanthropists, and cause the ears of those who are in any way responsible for it to tingle with the hearing.

The wail of helpless poverty has become so feeble from starvation that it fails to reach the ear of those who are ready and willing to help.

In few words I desire to draw aside the veil and call attention to the gaunt forms of hungry, pain-racked women and naked children; to emphasize the cry—

"Of children crying in the night,
Of children crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

I shall refer to actual cases and facts as we have found them, selecting a few to represent the many.

On the fifth floor of an over-crowded tenement house in the north end of Boston, a sick man, wife, and six children were found, huddled together in two dingy, smoky rooms, neither of them larger than 8x8, for which they had to pay one dollar and a half per week. The only means of support they had was the uncertain revenue derived by the woman for making pants. She could seldom earn more than two dollars and a quarter per week, leaving but seventy-five cents with which to clothe and support the family. For six years that woman had worn the same dress, while the children had but one or a part of one garment apiece.

Another family of seven persons, invalid husband, wife, and five children, were crowded in a room hardly large enough for

two persons. All the furniture in the room, was an old borrowed stove, one broken chair, and a broken bedstead, no cooking utensils. The children had scarcely a rag on them, and for their dinner were eating sliced raw potatoes. They had not tasted bread for three days, nor meat for weeks. One week after our visit, another child was born into the family, only to die of starvation and cold, for the poor mother had no nourishment to give it, no fuel nor fire for two days, and was dependent upon the kindness of a widow in the next room for a warm place beside her fire.

In another house was an American family of six persons living in two rooms rented at one dollar and a half a week. The man out of work, not a bit of food in the place, no fuel or fire, the only articles of furniture being a stove, a small trunk, a dry goods box, and on the floor in the corner of the room a heap of seaweed which was their only bed. It had been gathered from the beach the day before.

Not far from this family was found another room full of poor and suffering ones without food or fire, in the depth of winter. The four eldest children huddled together in bed at noontime to keep each other warm, while the hungry and crying baby was blue with cold in the bosom of its sobbing mother.

A widow, left with five little children, has to support herself and family, and pay one dollar and a half per week rent for two small rooms. Her only hope is in securing pants enough to make at fourteen cents a pair. In order to keep body and soul together, she must teach the two little girls "Constance", and "Maggie," aged five and three, how to sew, and thus do their part in keeping the wolf from the door. These two babies work early and late, the five-year-old seamstress overcasting the long seams of four pairs of pants a day, and the three-year-old dot managing to overcast two pairs. They handle the needle like professionals. Mother and two daughters together thus earn from two dollars and a quarter to two dollars and a half a week, after paying rent having but a single dollar left to feed and clothe the whole family.

The time of our visit was near the dinner hour, but all the preparation for the principal meal of the day was the stirring of corn meal into boiling water.

Pictures of these "white slaves" to drudgery and poverty, taken at the time of our visit, are herewith presented.

These are no exceptional cases. There are scores, if not hundreds of little ones from three years old upwards, who are thus compelled either to work or starve. Women have to borrow soap before they can do twenty-five cents worth of washing; to borrow a shawl or wrap before they can go out to spend the hard-earned dollar; to live on the very refuse of the markets; to harden themselves against the bitter cry of hungry children. They

have to wear such scant clothing, that for the sake of decency, they must fly before the approach of visitors.

Children, six or seven years of age, are found with not a single article of clothing upon them. Families of four or five persons of both sexes are crowded in one room, sometimes below ground, which room is used for every purpose.

There are houses in which from one hundred and fifty to two hundred persons—men, women, and children—are herded together like cattle, and sleep in heaps upon the landings of the stairs. What wonder that there is immorality and disease?

These houses are owned by respected citizens who refuse to be satisfied with less than twenty to thirty per cent. of their investments, and who neglect year after year to whitewash, paint, or paper these filthy habitations of Boston's poor.

Many of these families are left helpless and destitute by men who, unable to secure work, have given way to drink, or in the desperation of hunger have committed a petty theft, and are now serving a term at Deer Island, or elsewhere, supported at the expense of the State. Our list is far from exhausted; but enough is here to show that destitution and want still hold cruel sway in this heart of the Commonwealth.

Much has been done by us to relieve these families, and hundreds of others, but we need either the power of the Christ to multiply the five loaves in our hands to the satisfaction of the multitude, or else, that the hearts and purses of the benevolent be opened wider, and the cruel spirit of greed and gain which delights in low wages and high rents shall be forever uprooted.

WALTER J. SWAFFIELD.

In the Orient men conceal wealth and display poverty; in the Occident men conceal poverty and display wealth. Sham-poverty and sham-wealth characterize East and West.

Hence western cities have often more poverty than appears. In Constantinople, beggars will dress in rags and live in luxury; in Boston, poor men live in want and dress in finery. And do not blame too quickly, O gentle Pharisee. The Eastern beggar dresses in rags because it pays; our Western poor dress well for the same reason. Especially for our unemployed, it is necessary to be well dressed. Who will employ a tramp in rags? Beside the shop girl dressed in finery, what chance has the shop girl poorly dressed? Beauty has value. Pretty shop girls pay. Finery often does duty in place of beauty. It pays a girl to go without her breakfast to buy a ribbon. Dress is often more necessary than food. You cannot say that there is no poverty in a city, because upon the sidewalks you see little but fine dress.

Nor can you judge by parlors and "parlor sets." To the girl who dreams of honest marriage, it pays to buy a parlor sofa on which she may be courted by her true swain, even though the kitchen be stripped to deck that parlor. And tenements—to the ambitious father, a good-appearing tenement is more than well-plumbed drains. Babies that die can be replaced, the mother losing only a few days from "going out washing"; but if we descend a round of the social ladder, nowhere so carefully graded as among the poor, well nigh impossible is the ascent.

For these and similar reasons, there is always more want in western cities than first appears. And sometimes the superficial philanthropist will tell you, therefore, that there is no want, and that the cry of poverty is "overworked." Or if he study a little more carefully, he will assure you that the only poor are "frauds." Fraudulent poverty is noisy, and hence first forces itself upon the attention of amateur philanthropists. Many a well-meaning heart has been misled by these upper crusts of appearances and of fraud into thinking that there is no poverty, even where a deeper penetration could reveal sorrow, that would bring ache to the stoutest heart, and pause to the most reckless optimism.

I remember how once, before the scales had wholly fallen from my own eyes, in Boston, I had called for months upon a family, before discovering by careful investigation that their larder had been long more empty than their one room, which I had gradually seen stripped. The father, having no trade for which invention had left him any use, could not get work, and I could not find it for him. The family lived on what the mother, a brave little English woman with two babies under three, earned by taking in what washing she could get. As I went to obtain the help they had not asked for, between my curses on the system which gives thousands too much work, and thousands no work at all, and my "sentiment,"—the "correct" phrase for pity,—for the thin, thin children, I found time to thank God that I was a Socialist, and not a defender of the present.

Old men sewing pants at fourteen cents a pair; children of four and five, doing basting; women, pale, thin, and diseased, because for months they have only eaten what was left of the scanty meal after the children were first fed; these are common sights in not the poorest section of our city; but they will not usually be seen by the regulation associated-charity-inspectors of the poor. They are usually in homes that never ask for help. True poverty is silent; such persons do not usually die directly of starvation. Hence we are told there is no destitution in Boston. They have the "necessities of life." God pity the blasphemy of what we regard as necessary to life. But how do these people live? This is the question. What wealthy man

or associated-charity-agent would dare to read God's column of "causes of death"?

There is money enough in the various charitable societies of Boston. There is more than can be used, we are told in whisper. But when you go to the agents of these societies, you cannot usually get relief. It is not the agent's fault; the agents are often kind of heart. But "rules" prevent. Most actual cases run up against some "rule." If only human lives could be made to suit these "rules."

Undoubtedly, the one great evil of city life is lack of employment. It does not exist for girls and boys. There is a demand for girls; you cannot get a house-slave, "help"-seeking, "help"-harassed lady, because there is a demand for girls in shops and factories. For boys there is demand as well. Our great stores employ boys till they become men and want men's wages; then they discharge such, and take new boys. It is not the fault of the storekeepers. It is one of the beautiful fruits of holy competition. Boys and girls will sell themselves cheaper than men. It is men who are out of work.

But not upon these lines do I find the truest cases of destitution in modern life. The editor of this magazine asks me to state especially such cases as have come under my own observation. I can in simple honesty only reply that the most destitute man I have happened to meet in Boston lived in the Back Bay, not in South Boston. He lacked the first necessities of life, which I take to be not good food and shelter,—for even a Son of God can be sheltered in a stable—but love and soul. This man seemed only a soulless purse. He was not a type of the wealthy, I am glad to add. His was an extreme case, but does he not show the dangers? Is it not the fact that those of the wealthy who are generous and charitable and given to all good works are usually those who have inherited or been bred in wealth, or have married, or have made wealth by investments, in land for example, that has kept them personally from the defilement of themselves, bargaining and pushing for dollars? Are not our hardest men often our "self-made men," who by hard work have earned a little money forty or fifty years ago, and since then have nursed it by investments, but who forget that now the beginner has small chance and that even inventors must sell inventions to capitalists to push or to set one side?

Are not these men who have no eye save for the dollar, no ear save for quotations of the market, no heart save for exchange, the truly destitute in Boston? Says Prof. Bryce: "In no country [but America] does one find so many men of eminent capacity for business, so uninteresting, so intellectually barren outside the sphere of their business knowledge."

This is the crying evil of our day, our worst materialism. Fifty years ago hours of work were longer; rewards of work were less, but work was free—employer and employee were social, often intellectual equals; above all, work was certain; industry meant sure success. To-day work is uncertain; success is a peradventure; anxiety is on the brow of the rich and poor alike. In this struggle simply to hold one's own, the poor lose all strength for nobler thought; each child is taught to live above all else for the dollar; family life grows feeble; family love, a myth; the street is the children's home.

Among the successful in business, the French epigram "born a man, and died a grocer" becomes "born a man and died a banker," "born a child of God and died an annex to a counting machine." Is there not a growing material and more deadly soul destitution in modern life? I am optimistic only because I see a growing cure for all this evil.

W. D. P. BLISS.

NOTES ON LIVING PROBLEMS OF THE HOUR.

OBJECTIONS TO WOMAN SUFFRAGE CONSIDERED.

MR. FROTHINGHAM, in the July ARENA, tells why he opposes woman suffrage. His first reason is that woman, in her present political condition, exerts "power" instead of "force." He would conserve this power by withholding the suffrage. But is it the want of force that gives woman power? It would not seem to be so in business, art, or literature, where the possession of such elements of force as are enjoyed by men, is attended with no loss of her peculiar power as woman. Weakness may elicit pity, but it can scarcely create power. Our observation is, that the political impotence of women is more likely to provoke a sneer from the practical politician, and scornful treatment of her just requests, than to fill him with a reverential sense of her "power."

If we are to look for the sources of woman's power in her womanly nature and peculiar relations, then, if suffrage rob her of her power, it must be from its effect on her nature and relations. Now, if woman may vote and still retain her distinguishing qualities of true womanhood, it is evident that she may vote without impairment of her fitness to sustain all her present relations. The danger is evidently felt to lie in the anticipated effect of voting on her womanly nature.

It is intimated by Mr. Frothingham, that the practice of politics is not ennobling. Suffrage educates in chicanery, cunning, the art of party management, and in making a market for manhood. Now, this is either a tendency inseparable from popular suffrage, or one characteristic of the present régime. If voting necessarily corrupts, it had better be abolished altogether. For if the inevitable tendency of popular government is fatal to manhood, it is subversive of government itself, since popular government cannot exist after manhood is gone.

If moral decay and political corruption are not necessary results of popular suffrage, then it may be that the evils complained of are more or less due to the fact that, as yet, the state is not organized and governed on the theory of the civilized home, but on that of the savage tribe. The balance of moral forces may have been lost, by the refusal to grant to certain elements of "power" the quality of "force."

